National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SCENES IN THE KANSAS ELECTION.

THE character of the recent irruption into Kansas by the slave-driving hordes of Missouri becomes more and more transparently infamous as each new development of its details comes to view. We compile, from various sources, still further illustrations of the beauties of squatter sovereignty, and of the soundness of the opinions of Mr. Everett, Senator Badger, and other distinguished persons, that Kansas had no chance of being a slave State. The testimony which these scenes bear to the character of that Northern treachery practiced by Pierce, Douglas, Toucey & Co., in the passage of the Nebraska bill, is so conclusive and damning as to require no word of comment. We extract from *The Herald of Freedom*:

"THE VOTING AT LAWRENCE.—In this District, where the late census report indicates but 369 voters, the election shows there were 1 039 votes polled, nearly three times as great a number as legitimately belonged here: and yet a large number of our *actual* residents, and particularly those from a distance, did not exercise their right to the elective franchise, as they found they could not do so without endangering their lives. The Free-State strength in this District is full five to one, and yet the Pro-Slavery ticket has a majority of more than three to one.

"Mr. Edwin Bond, who went to vote, in the morning, was forcibly ejected from the ground, and pursued by an angry crowd to the bank of the river with curses and threatenings of destruction, and compelled to jump down the declivity, when a revolver was discharged at him, and a ball narrowly escaped his head. He ran along the beach, and finally escaped unscathed.

"VOTERS ARMED.—We repaired to the polls about 10 o'clock in the morning, but retired on the assurance of numerous friends that we were in great personal danger, thinking it best to defer our rights as an elector to a later period in the day, when it was hoped better order would prevail. At about 4 o'clock we again visited the polls, and discharged our duties as a freeman without molestation. It was the first time we ever appeared at the ballot-box with an instrument of defence, and we trust it will be the last time it will be deemed necessary to be guarded with a retinue of friends, each provided with bowie-knives and revolvers, besides having several of the latter instruments about our own person *ready* for immediate use.

"THE VOTING AT TECUMSEH.—After it was satisfactorily ascertained that the number of persons imported into Lawrence, from Missouri, was greater than the occasion demanded, a company of 200 was detached from the main body, and took up their line of march for Tecumseh, with the view of overbalancing the large number of free voters in that District, a majority of whom are located at Topeka. They arrived at their destination in time to participate in the fraud there practiced upon the ballot-box. When they had accomplished the object of their mission, they returned in a body to their encampment near Lawrence, where they remained till Saturday morning, when they took their final departure for Missouri."

Mr. Burgess, one of the Judges appointed by the Governor, was violently threatened; a pistol was three times snapped in his face, a club flourished over his head, till finally he was compelled to proclaim the election adjourned.

"The mob then selected a new Board, with two drunken Secretaries, who took possession of the ballot-box, and allowed no person to approach it unless he was right on the 'Goose question'—a slang phrase used among the Missourians, implying they are in favour of extending the institution of slavery over Kansas.

"No questions were asked the voter as to his citizenship or place of residence; no oath was administered, or other test required, save an assurance of support to the pro-slavery ticket.

"An aged gentleman, who felt disposed to exercise the privileges conferred upon him by the laws and Constitution, approached the ballot-box, when he was offered a pro-slavery vote. He remarked that he did not vote that ticket, when some one knocked off his hat, another cuffed him, while a third applied the boot, and forced him from the ground, threatening to put a bullet through him unless he left *instanter*.

"The friends of Freedom, finding themselves borne down by the invaders, quietly retired from the polls; and we are assured no Free-State votes, other than three or four, were cast in that District, though that party was largely in the majority; while the pro-slavery marauders from Missouri polled between four and five hundred.

"The late census returns showed that thus far, *every Election District in the Territory* was settled by a large majority of voters from the Free States, and that, if left to the ordinary course of things, the Legislative Assembly of the Territory would be a unit upon the subject of human rights."

PROCEEDINGS AT LEAVENWORTH.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* sends us the following, under date of March 30:

"It is now 5 o'clock in the morning of the election. For this whole night the country round has been vocal with carousing of the immigrants sent here by the PRO-SLAVERY 'Immgrant Aid Society,' and the baying of our dogs answering to their howling. Not the camp of the arch-fiend, when he made war on Heaven, could present a more horrid picture of depravity than has been exhibited in the woods within a short distance of my residence, during the last two days. Last night, seventy-five were encamped at one place within half a mile, one hundred at another, within 2 miles; three hundred at another, within 7 miles; three hundred at another, within 2 1-2 miles, and a band of fifty within 1-4 of a mile. Beside these gangs, there are now some five or six hundred encamped on the east side of the river, who will be over as soon as the boats can carry them, with barrels of whiskey accompanying.

"There are also about one hundred persons in a house owned by Dr. Mills, of the U. S. A., about one mile west of this town, all of whom came from one county, one hundred miles distant from this place.

"P. S.—*March* 31.—The true vote of this place would be about 250 Free to 175 Slave. As declared, it was 899 to 60—the rest of our voters having been frightened or driven from the polls."

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LEAVENWORTH, K. T., April 2, 1855.

I attended a meeting of Slaveholders and Slavery Propagandists, in the town of St. Joseph, Buchanan Co., Mo., on the 26th of March, where they were rallying their forces to go to Kansas, and "vote at the point of a bowie-knife and revolver." The meeting was addressed by a corrupt hireling, named Stringfellow, who got about $500 for writing a lying pamphlet in favour of slavery, and also helps to edit an inflammatory pro-slavery sheet in Kansas, to which he has a few hundred dollar subscribers, who live in Missouri, and who want to make the squatters believe that the best form of government is that which is composed of tyrants and slaves.

The speaker came here, with his red eyes and whiskey face, to call on the Missourians to sustain slavery, at all hazards, in Kansas. He said that slavery existed in Kansas and everywhere else where it was not prohibited by unjust legal enactments; that Kansas rightfully belonged to Missouri; that the cursed Abolitionists were determined to make a Free State of it, and, if they succeeded, they would steal all your slaves, horses and oxen, and everything else; that our rich country would be ruined. He denounced Gov. Reeder as the prime leader of the "*G—d d—d*" Free Soilers and Abolitionists, who were made up of paupers, thieves and murderers, who were imported to abolitionize *our* territory—who ought to be exterminated as fast as they come, and all who support them.

"I tell you," said he, "to mark every scoundrel among you that is the least tainted with Free Soilism or Abolitionism, and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the d—d rascals. I propose to mark them in this house, and on the present occasion, so you may crush them out. To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, State or national, the crisis has arrived when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger; and I advise you, one and all, to enter every Election District in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter, as our case demands it. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal. What right has Gov. Reeder to rule Missourians in Kansas? His Proclamation and prescribed oath must be repudiated. It is your interest to do so. Mind that slavery is established where it is not prohibited."

After this ferocious monster got through instigating the violation of all law and order, urging fraud and violence, with bloodshed and murder, he was followed by four political bloodhounds, who breathed nothing but violence and destruction to every one who would not sustain the almighty cause of slavery. They demanded the suppression of the freedom of speech and press all over the Union. They not only want all blacks to be made slaves, but all poor white folks. If they cannot obtain their infernal demands, they declare for a dissolution of the Union—the sooner the better. The North, they said, was but a curse to them at best, and the sooner they got rid of the North the better. They discarded the Declaration of Independence as a great humbug, and Free States as a curse to any people. The rights of man commenced when the first slaves were manacled in the chains of slavery, and those rights they were determined to maintain with their blood.

ELECTION CARRIED WITH CANNON.

ST. LOUIS, Tuesday, April 10, 1855.

The Kansas Election has resulted in favour of Slavery. The voters were citizens of Missouri. They marched, with cannon, from Wesport, in Missouri, to the town of Lawrence. These men were loaded with small arms; they took violent possession of the polls, which they held in military array until they felt assured that their ticket would succeed; and then they returned to Missouri. The election was held on Friday, the 30th March. Thursday, at noon, the day before, an armed cavalcade, which claimed to be 5,000 strong, preceded by two cannon mounted, and by a wagon loaded with whiskey—this whole military array, armed with deadly weapons and led by a Col. Young, left Westport, in Missouri, for the avowed purpose of controlling the elections in Kansas. They had about forty miles to travel to reach Lawrence, but the roads were dry, and they proceeded to Waukarusa Creek, seven miles from Lawrence, before they camped. About 900 went to Lawrence, and marched up to the polls, armed, and took possession of the ground. They swore they were citizens of the Territory, and that it was *bona fide* their intention to remain there. This oath each Missourian took before he voted, and then they all started back to their homes in Missouri that same evening. The legal voters, seeing that the election was wholly managed by foreign interlopers, did not many of them vote at all. There are very few slaves or slave-owners in the Territory. The owners dare not yet take slaves there. Their newspapers, and the slavery men, talk much of the thousands who are crowding into the Territory; but it is all false. They have only been there long enough to vote, and there is no danger of their going there to take their slaves. The conduct of these Missourians greatly retards the settlement of the Territory, but it does not advance the slave interest in the least. On the other hand, it is opening the eyes of thousands to the true character of slavery, which, but for some such manifestation, would remained closed forever.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Tuesday, April 3, 1855.

On the 27th March, Mr. Geo. Reed, a joiner, of this city, while passing the house of Blue Jacket, an Indian councilman, was informed that about 500 Missourians were encamped some distance from the Waukarusa River. He and his friend went that way to their destination. On arrival at the camp, he was pointed out as a Yankee, although from New York, and a pistol-ball came whistling by his ear. On the 28th, they fell out among themselves, and, while drunk, cut one of their own men seriously. This day, 40 covered wagons, filled with Missourians, passed here for the town of Douglas, and others for Tecumseh. In the afternoon, 50 wagons, besides any amount of horsemen, came through our city, and encamped, on its line, on the claim of a pro-slavery Missourian. In conversation, they openly avowed that they came to vote, and thus protect their property in Missouri. In the evening, many, having received their allowance of whiskey, brought in barrels with the party, became drunk, and wandered about the town, asking for more whiskey in our stores, but such an article is not sold in Lawrence. While conversing with an intelligent-looking Missourian, he stated that we might live here, but, to protect themselves, they should make it a slave State, if it took all Missouri; and the North might help herself. About two weeks since, a large quantity of provisions, assorted, came up, was stored at a Missourian's hut, but no one could surmise its use there; but, election day and night, this was the free provision store to Missourians. 29th, again a large train of wagons and horsemen came in and marched through our streets; one with four horses had a slave riding one of the leaders, and a slave boy, surrounded by a crowd of hard-looking beings, supported a pole from which streamed the flag of America; in another wagon was a violin, played by a slave. Groups continued to augment their numbers. Most of the horsemen carried a gun; also a pistol in a belt. 30th, fifty-two more wagons came into the city, with streamers of stripes and stars, but they did not go to the camp; they merely fastened their horses, fed them, and, on the call of Col. Young, their fugleman, they fell into rows, locked arms, and took entire possession of the polls. Many of our citizens could not get an opportunity to vote. Such oaths, actions and insults, I never heard or saw given or taken by Americans; but the fact is, Kansas was enslaved on the 30th March, 1855.

The *Kansas Pioneer* has the following encouragement for the slave-drivers:

"Persons need not feel alarmed in bringing their slaves to Kansas. This will be a slave State as certain as two and two make four. We would, therefore, say to our friends at a distance, who have been making inquiries in regard to the safety of bringing slaves here, to bring them along, and emigrate at once. The result of the election on last Friday ought to satisfy everybody that this will be a slave State. There are a number of slaves already in the Territory, and the cry is 'still they come' by every steamboat or flatboat arrival.

"Kansas will remain as she now is, pro-slavery to the core; so our slaveholding friends needn't be at all uneasy; but all who are disposed to emigrate, let them come along at once, and bring their slaves with them, and make no further inquiries about Kansas being a slave State. It will never be anything else! and we shall consider ourself responsible for what we assert."

From The (Kansas) Herald of Freedom, April 7.

THE LATE ELECTION.—We understand the Governor has determined to submit the recent contested election cases in this Territory to the Attorney-General of the United States, for his opinion. Governor Reeder claims that, by the Act of Congress organizing Kansas, the power was vested in the Executive of deciding who was legally elected as Representatives to the Legislative Assembly; and that no person is entitled to a seat in that body unless he has a certificate of election, attested by the Territorial seal, with the Governor's signature. The Missourians, on the other hand, claim that the Governor has exceeded his authority in defining, in his proclamation, who were electors; that they, under the law, had as valid a right to vote as any *bona fide* resident of the Territory; that he had no power to require an oath from the judges of the election, or from the voter, as to his citizenship; and that the Legislature, when convened, was the *only* tribunal vested with authority to examine into contested cases, and decide who were entitled to seats.

PARTIES IN KANSAS.—It affords us pleasure to inform our Eastern readers that we have but one party in this Territory, and that Whig, Democrat, Free Soiler and Native American, are all lost in the great Free-State party, which is far more popular among us than Know-Nothingism was in the recent Legislature of Massachusetts. No one thinks of inquiring to which party his neighbour belonged in the States, as he affiliates with the great party of Freedom. An intelligent gentleman from Pennsylvania was in our office the other day, and, during a brief conversation, remarked that he was an Old-line Democrat; that he had always acted with that party, and yielded a cheerful acquiescence to all its measures. When the Kansas Nebraska bill was introduced into Congress, he thought it was designed as a pacific adjustment of a vexed question, and that it could do no harm; but when he saw the people of Missouri pouring into Kansas by thousands, with the expressed object of controlling the election, and that they purposed to return as soon as their work was accomplished, he felt that the thing had been carried a great way too far, and for the future he was resolved to throw away the scabbard and labour with all his energy to restore freedom to Kansas. He is not an isolated case, by any means.

OVERDONE.—The leaders of the Missourians who came here on election day to steal away our liberties, we are told, expressed regret that they had come in so large numbers, and felt that the matter would present a bad aspect in the East, and finally militate severely against them. The future will teach them that there are not men enough in the South to establish and legalize the institution of slavery on the soil of Kansas. The emigration of the present season from the northern, eastern and western States will exceed the entire slaveholding population of Missouri; and, if violence shall fall upon a single individual in the Territory, that free population will be quadrupled. Missourians may talk as much as they please about the "serfs and paupers of Kansas"; but they will find out in time that those "serfs" know their rights under the Constitution, and, knowing their rights, will maintain them.

TRUE STEEL.—We feel proud of the Governor of Kansas. He has shown himself to be true steel during the exciting times of the last week. The Missourians waited on him in person, and threatened to hang him unless he would give the pro-slavery candidates certificates of election. His reply was: "Gentlemen, two or three of you can assassinate me, but a legion cannot compel me to do that which my conscience does not approve." Such a man deserves well of the country, and the people of Kansas will not be slow to do him justice.

AN ARMY.—President Pierce, last winter, asked Congress to give him 3,000 troops to send into Kansas and Nebraska, with a view of preventing depredations on the whites. We have not learned the fate of that request. If successful, we hope the troops will be forwarded with as little delay as possible, and that they will be distributed among us in such a manner as to preserve the general peace of the Territory. The army and navy was at the service of the United States Marshal in Boston when the fugitive Burns was borne back to servitude; why not give us the aid of the former to preserve the laws and protect the ballot-box when trampled down, and invaded by a ruthless mob?

KANSAS A FREE STATE.—We asserted, some time ago, that Kansas would be a free State, let Missourians bluster as much as they would, and we renew that assertion with more confidence than ever. At the taking of the census, in February last, every Election District in the Territory was found to have a respectable majority of voters from the free States. Had it been otherwise, does any one suppose our pro-slavery neighbours on the other side of the line would have deemed it necessary to have incurred so great an expense to import voters by the thousand to gain a political ascendancy? Another election will be held in due time, and those who purpose settling here permanently, and desire to contribute their share toward making Kansas a free State, should hurry forward as rapidly as possible. If, by any means, the Slave Power shall obtain an ascendancy in the Legislature, laws the most revolting to freedom will be enacted. No person will be allowed to participate in future elections *unless he be the owner of slaves*. This was the reason so great an effort was recently made to make the Legislature a unit, by sending a large number of mercenaries into every Election District in the Territory.

SLAVES.—By the late census in this Territory, it appears that there were one hundred and twenty-seven slaves in Kansas—a far greater number than there will be a year hence, if the people are allowed to legislate for themselves, or through their representatives.

THE SLAVE CODE IN WASHINGTON.

IT is shameful that the Capital City of a Republic, which, among its twenty-seven millions of people, contains only about three hundred thousand slaveholders, should yet be cursed with a mean and detestable Slave Code. We who live in the District cannot abolish or alter it. Congress, so long ago as 1802, adopted it from Maryland, just as it had come down from a rude and ignorant band of adventurers, and Congress has kept it alive ever since. For half a century, although a majority of its members have come from the free States, no serious movement has been made to alter a barbarous code, of two centuries standing.

As one illustration of its brutality, we publish the following account of a recent occurrence, taken from the *Evening Star* of this city.

"The Washington *Star* says that great excitement has been caused in the city of magnificent distances, by the discovery of the fact that a number of coloured people, most of them free, and all of good character, had been detected holding a private meeting, the principal object of which appears to have been to raise money to purchase the freedom of a young woman, whom her owner was willing to sell. The *Star* gives the following account of this terrible affair:

"The entire party were, without ceremony, escorted to the watch-house. They presented the spectacle not of a company of loafers, but apparently genteel coloured men.

"The law was read to them which prohibits free or slave blacks and mulattoes from assembling unlawfully or meeting secretly; the smallest fine for which offence is five dollars. The municipal statute likewise subjects police officers to a fine of fifty dollars, in the event of their failing to enter and break up such associations.

"Being asked whether they had anything to say, one of the blacks requested the examination of certain books which he placed on the desk, which consisted of the Holy Bible, Seneca's Morals and Life in Earnest. Among the private papers was one in the form of subscription for the purchase of a slave woman named Eliza Howard, the value set upon her by her owner being $650.

"To the liberating fund, Hon. Gerrit Smith paid $30, and the Hon. W. H. Seward $5; Hon. J. R. Giddings was 'down' for $1, but the cash was not paid. Several of our respectable citizens had likewise contributed. There were scraps of poetry in manuscript, including 'The Lone Indian's Dream,' and the printed constitution of a society called 'The Daughters of Jerusalem,' similar to the one the 'coloured folks' have in Richmond, Va., the object of which, as stated in the preamble, is to 'relieve the sick and bury the dead.' The contents of a paper box was also examined by the captain, consisting of sets of handsome regalia for the officers of the society.

"At the suggestion of an officer, the negroes, twenty-four of them in number, were severally searched, each one in turn going down stairs for that purpose; but nothing tending to implicate them in crime was found on their persons.

"According to their own statement, they had met for benevolent purposes.

"Some of them were released last night, and the other cases were disposed of this morning. The following are the names of the persons arrested:

"Slaves—Walter Clements, Charles Mason, Richard Henry Sanders and Joseph Jones.

"Free—James Williams, Joseph Johnson, John E. Bennett, Chester Taylor, Charles Brown, James Curtis, Henry Dunlap, William Simonds, George W. Gains, Lewis Norton, Daniel Williams, Peter Hempsley, Aaron Jones, Reuben Boss, Edmund Duckett, George Sands, James Clagett, George Lee, Grafton Johnson and Aquila Barton.

"Bennett, Taylor, Lee and Barton, were sent to the work-house, Joseph Jones received six lashes, and the others were released on the payment of the fine and costs—$5.58 each."

There was no more secrecy in this meeting than in the private meetings of any of the numerous benevolent societies of this city. The object of the much-abused people, as was shown, and nobody doubted, was to raise money to buy the freedom of a poor slave woman; and the means were entirely legitimate. And yet, for thus assembling, four were sent to the work-house, one whipped, twenty fined $5.58 each, in the aggregate $111.60, more than three times the amount named as contributed to the redemption of the poor woman.

Now, if there be a meaner transaction than this on record, we should like it pointed out. How long shall a code which authorizes and enjoins such acts be suffered to disgrace the city and the nation? There is not an American citizen who is not implicated in the guilt of its maintenance. We hope the subject will be brought to the notice of the next Congress.—*National Era.*

JUDGE McLEAN'S DECISION.

[Our readers know that the U. S. Marshal was imprisoned, at Cincinnati, by Judge Parker, of the Court of Common Pleas, for contempt, in that he refused to obey the second *habeas corpus* issued by that Court in the case of the slave Rosetta; and that he was himself afterwards released by Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, upon *habeas corpus*. The following is the substance of Judge McLean's decision.]

THE seventh section of the act of Congress of the 2d of March, 1833, provides, "either of the Justices of the Supreme Court, or a Judge of any District Court of the United States, in addition to the authority already conferred by law, shall have power to grant writs of habeas corpus in all cases of a prisoner or prisoners, in jail or confinement where he or they shall be committed or confined on or by any authority or law, for any act done, or omitted to be done in pursuance of a law of the United States or any order, process or decree or any Judge or Court, thereof."

It is contended that the case under consideration is not within this statute. The Marshal omitted to do the act ordered to be done by the honourable Judge Parker, because it would be in express violation of his duty, under an act of Congress. This is literally within the act. But it is alleged the Commissioner has no authority to act judicially, as he was not appointed as judges are required to be appointed by the Constitution.

The second section of the second article of the Constitution provides "that Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

By the Fugitive Act of 1850, the Commissioners appointed by the Circuit Courts of the United States have concurrent jurisdiction with the Judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, &c.

These Commissioners were appointed under the act of 1842; and under that act they had power to issue warrants, to arrest persons who had committed offences under the law of the United States, and, on hearing, commit them, hold them to bail to answer, or to discharge them, as in their judgment the law required.

The nature of the duties of the Commissioners under the act of 1850 are not, in principle, different from those which they previously discharged. The inquiry of a Commissioner or Judge under the Fugitive Act is not strictly whether the person is free, but whether he owes service to the claimant. In its results, this inquiry may involve the liberty of the fugitive; but the principle applies to an apprentice as well as to a slave.

It must be admitted that this inquiry is somewhat in the nature of judicial power; but the same remark applies to all the officers of the accounting departments of the Government. They investigate claims, and decide on the evidence. The examiners in the Patent Office determine on the merits and novelty of inventions. This becomes a judicial duty in every suit between conflicting patents.

It is impracticable, in carrying on the machinery of Government, to prescribe limits to the exercise of executive judicial power, in deciding upon claims. The Supreme Court has had the acts of these Commissioners before it, and has always treated them as having authority under the law.

Two grounds are urged by counsel, as sustaining the jurisdiction of the State Judge:

1. That before the fugitive was arrested by the Marshal, she was declared to be free by the Probate Court.

2. That the warrant was defective in not stating that the girl escaped from the State in which she was held as a slave.

It must be admitted that the authorities are not uniform on the point whether the decision on a *habeas corpus* is final. This may be said of the authorities in this country and England. I have been myself inclined to think such a decision should be considered final where there was clearly jurisdiction and a full and fair hearing; but that it might not be so considered when any of these requisites were wanting, or when new and important evidence could be obtained.

It would be difficult to find any provision in the act of 1850 under which a State Judge can exercise jurisdiction. The act is special and stringent. Officers are named in the statute whose duty it is to act when cases are brought before them. There is no reference to State authorities, I believe, either directly or indirectly. There is no law in Ohio which authorizes State Judges to act. It is true that the act of 1798 did authorize State Magistrates to exercise jurisdiction under it, and that act has only been repealed so far as repugnant provisions are contained in the act of 1850.

But it is not necessary to the decision of the case in hand to hold that the decision of the Probate Judge was not final; nor is it necessary to show that the warrant had no defects. It may be admitted that the first decision on the *habeas corpus* was a bar to inquiry before the Commissioner, and that the warrant was defective, but can a State Judge take jurisdiction on these grounds? It is the exercise of an appellate power, which is not given by the laws of the United States or the laws of the State. Suppose these objections had been made before the Commissioner, he could have considered them. In regard to the warrant, he could have amended it, if necessary. But it would not have been necessary. The fugitive being in the custody of the Marshal, with the consent and at the request of the master, she was lawfully held for the purpose of the inquiry. And as to the decision of the Probate Court, whether it constituted a bar to the proceedings, it was a matter for the decision of the Commissioner.

I think these grounds are unprecedented in judicial proceedings, except, perhaps, in the decision of the Supreme Court in Wisconsin. That Court sat as a Court of the United States. As it may come before the Supreme Court for revision, it is not fit that I should speak of it in regard to the federal power.

It must be recollected that when the *habeas corpus* was served upon the Marshal, the case before the Commissioner was in progress, and near its termination. Is there any precedent for such procedure? If the State Court had a concurrent power, the proceeding would have been irregular and void. Under the same Government I could not have interposed. But that a Court of a different Government could not interpose in this form is sanctioned by no law or precedent. Before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin reversed, as a Court of Errors, the decision of the District Court, it had the grace to wait until that Court had finally decided.

It is not unusual in legal proceedings to plead a former recovery or a former acquittal. Can any Court interfere in such cases, and take the case from the Court in which the jurisdiction is vested? If the Commissioner did wrong, does that authorize the State Judge to interpose by writ of *habeas corpus*, and withdraw the case from the federal jurisdiction?

It is a general principle of law, to which I know of no exception, that the law of every government shall be construed by itself; and such construction is acted upon by the judiciary of all other countries.

By the Federal Constitution, "the judicial power of the United States is declared to be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." Under this provision, the judiciary of the Union gives a construction to the laws, which is obligatory on the State tribunals. The Constitution again declares that "the Constitution and laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The construction of the statutes of the different States, except where the Supreme Court of the Union exercises an appellate power, has uniformly been followed by the Courts of the United States. This has been carried so far by the Supreme Court as to reverse its own decisions, to conform to a change in the decisions of the State Court, and this was on the ground of policy, to avoid two rules of property in the same State. It has been considered as no degradation by the Supreme Court to follow the established construction of the local laws by the Courts of the States. There is no instance, it is believed, where a Federal Court has disregarded the decisions of a State Court, where it possessed no appellate power.

That the Commissioner had jurisdiction in the case, is clear. While duly engaged in the investigation of the matter, the Honourable Judge of the Common Pleas, whose motives I by no means question, by a *habeas corpus*, took from the custody of the Marshal the body of the fugitive, which left the Commissioner without a case. It wrested from him, without any authority of law, the subject of his jurisdiction. This, so far as I know, is without precedent. Had any Commissioner or Federal Judge interposed, and by the same means had disregarded and disturbed the jurisdiction of a State Court, I should have felt not less concern than the eloquent counsel.

A sense of duty compels me to say that the proceedings of the honourable Judge were not only without the authority of law, but against law, and that the proceedings are void, and I am bound to treat them as a nullity.

The Marshal is discharged from custody.

A WHITE WOMAN SUING FOR HER FREEDOM.

From The New Orleans Delta, April 12.

A SUIT was yesterday filed in the Sixth District Court on behalf of Josephine Smith, alias Barrett, in which the allegations are as follows:

That she is wrongfully and illegally claimed as a slave by Lionel C. Levy, whose residence is in the City of New Orleans, and by Joseph Cohen, who resides at Charleston, S. C.

That petitioner (if even she was a slave, which she does not admit, but calls for proof thereof) has become free, or entitled to claim her freedom by that express provision of the law of Louisiana which declares that "if a master suffer his slave to enjoy his liberty for ten years, he shall lose all right of action to recover possession of such slave, who thereby becomes free."

Now, petitioner alleges that she is claimed as a slave, under an alleged purchase of her made at the succession sale of the late Judah Barrett, of this city, in which it is claimed that she was bid off by and sold to said Levy, as being the property of said succession.

She further alleges that when she lived in the house of said Barrett, she lived there as a free white member of his family, and that said Barrett then, and at all other times, treated her and presented her to the world as his own daughter, and as being both free and white.

Petitioner further alleges that she has always associated with white persons, and has been considered a free white person; that she was educated as a free white person, at both English and French schools, where none but white children were knowingly admitted; that the said Barrett recognised her, in various ways and at all times from her childhood to his death, as free and white, and used to take her to the public theatre and seat her with himself in the dress circle, where none but white persons were knowingly admitted.

Petitioner further alleges that she so enjoyed her liberty and passed for a free white person for more than ten years next preceding the date of said Barrett's death, and in fact never was at any time restrained of her liberty; that for several years preceding said Barrett's death, she ceased to reside at his house; that, since ceasing to reside there, she has bought and sold property in her own name, has sued and been sued in the Courts of this State, and has done various other acts inconsistent with a state of slavery—all of which was done with the knowledge of said Barrett.

Petitioner further alleges that she is uncertain who it is that claims her as their slave; that as far as her attorney can trace the pretended title, it seems to stand in the name of said Levy, but she understands that said Jacob Cohen claims to own or have an interest in her. She further represents that the said Levy well knows, and knew at the time he bid her off at said pretended sale, and the said Cohen also did then well know all the facts aforesaid, and that petitioner was and is a free person, or entitled to claim her freedom; yet, notwithstanding such facts, the said Levy and Cohen persisted in the said pretended purchase, and still persist, in claiming her as a slave; that, by their said legal and tortuous acts, they have compelled petitioner to flee from her residence and absent herself from her family and friends, and have injured her in her feelings and reputation, and have subjected her to troubles and expenses, and thereby damaged her to the amount of $2,000. Whereupon, petitioner prays that said Levy and Cohen be cited to answer thereto, and that, after due proceedings had, judgment be rendered in in favour of the petitioner, decreeing her to be a free person, or entitled to her freedom against all persons, and that judgment be further rendered in her favour against said Levy and said Cohen for the sum of $2,000 damages as aforesaid, and for such other and further decree as may seem proper in the premises, with costs of suit and all general relief.

We understand that the plaintiff is now in Canada, and that she brings this suit in order, if possible, to obtain permission to return to this city.

REBUKED AT HOME.

MR. SOLLERS, a member of Congress from Maryland, to correct an impression that he had uttered anti-slavery sentiments, in his place, wrote to the *Sentinel*, that what he did say was this: "Slavery was a curse in some sections, not to the slave, but to the master, and that in his section he would stand by it and defend it with his life's blood."

The *Lutheran Observer*, printed at Baltimore, takes occasion to expose and rebuke the contradictory position of the member:

"If slavery be a curse, and that, too, to the *masters*, how can he 'stand by it and defend it with his life's blood?' Has he no sympathy with the masters, their wives, and their sons and daughters? And is he prepared to 'stand by and defend with his life's blood' that which he deems and proclaims to be a CURSE to them? *Mr. Sollers by no means stands alone in Maryland in the view which he takes of slavery; we believe there are tens upon tens of thousands in our State who concur with him in that sentiment. But they are not anxious to perpetuate and fasten upon masters and their families, and all their posterity, that which they regard as a 'curse.'*"

The rebuke administered by the *Observer* is richly deserved, but does the reverend editor of that paper think that slavery is no curse to the *slave?* Suppose that slavery continually exerted a beneficial influence over the slaves—making them happy and contented, moral and intelligent, self-relying and inventive, thrifty, industrious and productive, chaste, polite, orderly and lovely—how could it be a *curse* to the *masters?* A relation so abounding in good to the inferior could not work evil to the superior, for in the general content, order, intelligence, refinement, stability and wealth, produced, he would necessarily participate.

Why, then, is slavery a *curse* to the *master?* Because it is inherently wrong, flagrantly in conflict with the laws of human nature; and for this reason, too, it is a *curse* to the *slave*. A relation which confers despotic power on one man, and imposes upon another the necessity of implicit obedience, which makes one man the property of another, contains the seed of death to both, and to the society in which it prevails. Is it not true, friend of the *Observer?*—*National Era.*

FROM BOSTON.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

BOSTON, Monday, April 16, 1855.

THE quashing of the indictments against Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, as well as the vote of the Legislature, following close upon the heel thereof, recommending the removal of Judge Loring, naturally led the public to expect some allusion to those matters at the Music Hall to-day, and consequently a large concourse filled that place at an early hour; not larger than usual, perhaps, but, being a stranger, it seemed so to me, as I meet no such audiences as assembled here, as to numbers, except at Mr. Beecher's, in Brooklyn.

When the audience had become quietly seated, Mr. Parker rose and gave out the beautiful hymn of Longfellow's:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art—to dust returnest'
Was not spoken of the Soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

The singing is by a small but excellent choir, whose voices fill the immense building to perfection, pleasing, but not tiring, the ear. The prayer I will not attempt to describe, except to say that a profound stillness pervades the large audience during its delivery, so much so that even the ticking of the clock may be heard between its periods; your feelings are stirred, and a sudden moisture is felt in your eyes. Surely, you mentally exclaim, this man, who thus inspires you, carrying your feelings upward upon the wings of earnest prayer, is a strange kind of Infidel.

This done, Mr. Parker read the third chapter of Daniel: Nebuchadnezzar, the King, made an image of gold, whose height was three-score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits. He set it up in the plains of Dura, in the province of Babylon, embracing a history of the King's attempt to compel the worship of said golden image—of the refusal of the three worthies, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, to obey—of their being cast into the burning fiery furnace, and of their miraculous preservation by Divine power. It was read with uncommon unction, and its singular adaptation to the subject, which evidently engrossed all minds, produced a marked sensation in the audience. He took his text from the eighteenth verse.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Upon this he went on to treat of the duties which Religion requires of us as citizens; the great duty of being true to our consciences and natures. He analyzed the obligations of the individual and social man, enlarging, with his peculiar ability, upon the philanthropic function—that of our duty to protect the weak against the strong, &c. Job "brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth; he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him, and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; he was a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he searched out."

He then made a brief allusion to the history of his arrest, in November last, for words spoken in Faneuil Hall, and of his being bound over to take his trial on the fifth of March. It was the eighty-fifth anniversary of the first British shot fired into the American ranks for daring to rebel against British authority—it was proper that such anniversary should be selected by American tyranny to discharge the first shot into American bosoms for free speech. Uncertain as to what a few wicked men—they were only a few—might do toward his conviction, he had arranged his affairs for a twelve months' imprisonment; by the assistance of two generous friends, who had kindly proffered their aid, he had arranged to have his sermons read to them during his incarceration, and had actually prepared his first sermon, which he designed sending to the *Tribune*, to be spread before its hundred and seventy thousand readers. With such an audience, he could be content to preach from between prison walls. He had also designed to devote his hours to authorship, as the quietude of prison-life he thought well-fitted for study, and he should have produced a few books also, and better ones than the world will be likely to get from him under present circumstances. In announcing the result of the strong efforts made to convict him and his friends—of its failure, and the utter discomfiture of his persecutors—not an exultant word was employed, but words of thankfulness that they had escaped the furnace thus prepared for their reception; to God belonged all the praise; he had no feelings of hardness or ill-will towards those who had sought his hurt. A brief prayer closed the exercises, and the large audience, which had listened with breathless attention, but without apparent excitement, quietly retired.

MR. PILLSBURY IN MANCHESTER.

From the (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

THE friends of the anti-slavery cause have had the pleasure of hearing two eloquent and highly instructive lectures from Mr. Pillsbury, who generously offered his valuable services in aid of the funds of the North of England Anti-Slavery League.

The Rev. R. S. Scott, of the United Presbyterian Chapel, kindly allowed the use of his large and commodious school-room for the first of these meetings, which took place on Thursday evening, the 15th March. After a few introductory remarks from the chairman, Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. Pillsbury commenced by stating that the American Anti-Slavery Society accepts as fellow-labourers all honest Abolitionists, without regard to their opinions on any other subject whatever; they would not exclude infidel or Mahommedan, provided only he would be true to his trust on the anti-slavery question. He gave an eloquent and impressive description of man's present high position, and future destiny in the scale of the universe, and touchingly dwelt on the ruin that slavery makes of him. In speaking of the religious bodies of America, Mr. Pillsbury made some important statements in relation to the support they give to slavery by receiving pro-slavery members to their communion. He instanced the descendants of the old Scotch Covenanters as the only denomination in the United States who, politically and religiously, entirely wash their hands of this sin. The lecturer gave some striking examples of the manner in which the real anti-slavery warfare is carried on, and the mobs and other violence encountered by the American Abolitionists; and concluded by pointing out the various ways in which British help can best be given.

At the close of the lecture, a member of the Society of Friends complained that the lecturer had not done justice to that Society, whose *principles* had ever been against slavery. In reply, Mr. Pillsbury said that, inasmuch as many of their most prominent members had not hesitated to vote for the most decided pro-slavery candidates for the highest offices, they had not been true

an makes dem free, and den supports dem."

Think of that! oh, ye rich Northern and Eastern Methodists, with your crowded barns and overrunning granaries, who can hardly spare five or ten dollars of your piled-up wealth, per annum, for Gospel purposes. While here, these poor slaves, with good economy and industry, by overwork at the midnight hour, purchase their preachers at the enormous sum of from $1,000 to $1,500 each, and then support them quite as well as the majority of Northern white preachers are supported.

"Do your coloured preachers," said I, "administer the sacraments to the church?"

"Oh yes, Massa," said Sam, "we owns in our coloured church de sacrament, de lofeast, an de preachers."

"Well, Sam, where were you born?"

"In old Ginna."

"Did you ever hear of Canada, Sam?"

"Oh yes, Massa," said he.

"Well, what kind of a place do you think Canada is?"

"Well, don't knows, but me hears 'tis a mighty goot country, where de coloured man lib like de white man—hab de house, de coos, de hogs, an de hoss. Oh, mighty goot country; me likes lib dar."—ARGUS.—*N. Ch. Advocate.*

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

THE *Liberator* of last week contains the speeches of Messrs. JOHN L. SWIFT and CHARLES W. SLACK, in the House of Representatives, in favour of the Removal of Judge Loring. They are highly creditable to the authors. Mr. SLACK effectually answered the charge so often repeated and as often denied, that Messrs. Parker and Phillips sought the protection of the Police during the "Burns Week."

"I will allude to the remark of the gentleman from Salem [Mr. Devereaux], in effect that the two gentlemen who were most prominent, all things considered, in the events of the Burns rendition week, Messrs. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, when they themselves had stirred up the popular indignation of the city by their speeches in Faneuil Hall, craved the protection of the police of the city to preserve their own dwellings and persons from the attacks of the mob; and, moreover, that the latter, who made great boast of possessing certain revolutionary relics in the shape of muskets, belonging to his grandfather or some other ancestor, used at the battle of Lexington, ingloriously fled from his house, and, instead of using those weapons of defence, bore them elsewhere for security.

"So far as Mr. Parker is concerned in this statement, everybody who knows him knows that such conduct as is here attributed to him is in no respect characteristic of the man or in consistency with his usual course of action. If he had stirred up any public indignation, he would be the last man to seek, by avoidance of danger or a faltering timidity, to escape from the full measure of its responsibility upon himself. But the statement is not correct. The whole circumstances, so far as I am authorized to express them, are these. Learning by public rumour, on the day following the meeting at Faneuil Hall, that there was some fear that his friend's, *Mr. Phillips's, house* was to be the object of attack, not his own, he communicated with a friend of his, a truckman, a powerful man, who had several men in his employ, mentioning what he had heard, and asking him if, when the day's work was concluded, he would have the kindness to pass through Essex street and by Mr. Phillips's house, and see if all was quiet, it being well known that that gentleman had an invalid wife, and quietude in the neighbourhood might be essential to her health, if not her life. He also communicated with a marketman in Boylston market, a friend from whom his wife was accustomed to purchase the meat for his family, to the same purport, saying that if he would pass through Essex street when he closed his business, about ten o'clock, in the evening, he would confer a great favour. The latter readily consented, but said he thought it would be well to visit the Police Station adjoining the market-house, and inform the Captain there of the rumour he had heard, so that possibly any outbreak, if any such should occur, might be suppressed. Mr. Parker said he had no objection to doing so, and, in company with his friend, visited the Station-house, was introduced to Capt. Eaton, and there learned, by reference to the officer's book, that the Mayor of the city had previously communicated an order that the officers of that Station should see that no violence was offered to either the residences of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Parker, Mr. Francis Jackson, or Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Captain Eaton suggested to Mr. Parker that he should think he would have enough to do to look after his own house, without being solicitous for that of Mr. Phillips; that was the first thought he bestowed upon the subject, and he said—'True, why not mine, as well as my friend's, Mr. Phillips's.' Returning to his own residence, Mr. Parker caused one or two articles, which, in case the house was attacked and destroyed, money could not restore, among them the revolutionary musket of his ancestor, to be placed in the custody of a relative of his wife, and then proceeded to the preparation of his next day's discourse. And that was the substance of his interference for the aid of the police.

"Relative to Mr. Phillips's solicitation for the aid of the police, I feel authorized to say he never sent to any magistrate whatever for protection, and never asked any one to do it for him. On the contrary, the only individual who offered to go to the Mayor, he forbade to go. And this in view of all the circumstances of that trying hour, with a full knowledge that there was directed towards him all the personal enmity of the slave-catchers and their willing crew; and that within his home was the partner of his bosom, an invalid for years, whose every wish for peace and quiet he could not but feelingly consult.

"The order of precaution taken by the Mayor was doubtless upon learning the same rumour that came to the ears of Mr. Parker, and was no doubt dictated by a desire, as far as in him lay, to preserve the reputation and quiet of the city over which he presided."

Mr. Slack closed his speech felicitously and impressively.

"One more thought only presents itself, and I will relieve the overtasked patience of the House. My good friend from Cambridge [Mr. Williams], with whom I have been happy to agree in so many measures this session, * * * in his remarks on this question, said he thought Judge Loring but represented the sentiments of this community, and that if he lacked any confidence, it was only that of a few coloured citizens. I am sorry that I cannot agree with the gentleman. I think there are many others than 'a few coloured citizens' who withdrew their confidence from him. There are many, not coloured, who, knowing his care for the widow and fatherless, would that he had not lent *his* aid to the enslavement of those who are in deeper distress than the widow or the orphan. There are those who, reluctantly acknowledging that the *majority* of this community *are* ready for the rendition of the hunted, flying, fugitive, would have that Commissioner who had already covered himself all over with infamy by his participation in these slave-catching atrocities, retain his monopoly in the debasing servitude, claiming that he who was the *Judge of Probate* should be the friend of the poor and friendless, the forsaken and alone—the representative and advocate, if such were possible, of the *minority* of this community on this great sentiment of the Christian heart. Of that number I profess to be one. I claim that Judge Loring, by virtue of his beneficent office, should have been for *us*. Let the Curtis act for the majority!—he has earned his reputation!

"But he whom we claimed, failed us. He lacks *our* confidence, as well as that of the 'few coloured citizens.' He lacks *my* confidence, and that is why I shall give my vote, in proper time, for his removal from the place which I feel he has dishonoured. I bear no ill-will towards him; his smile is as genial to me as to any one else, for aught that I know; I doubt not his integrity; I revere his abilities; I only would that he had not done the deed! I am a native of Boston; I was reared and fostered in her common schools; for all that I am or may be, I am indebted to her, who kindly took me in her arms, and gives me of her enterprise and good-will. I am mindful of her good name, and dear to me is her untarnished reputation. It is a city of pleasant memories—of a Revolutionary history illustrious in every page of its annals. I expect always to live here, and, when I come to pass away, to be placed within her bosom or laid to rest in one of the neighbouring cemeteries just without the city's gates. I have a wife and child, in whose happiness I have an abiding interest. Should this Judge be retained, in the vicissitudes of life as of death he may be called upon to pass upon my limited estate and feeble effects. If so, I have only to say, let no instrument that passes from that office to my widow and child ever be pressed by the hand, or bear the signature—the same hand and the same signature—that reduced a MASSACHUSETTS FREEMAN to the condition of a *Southern Slave!*"

Mr. SWIFT was listened to by a crowded house, and warmly applauded. We give his peroration:

"But, sir, I see that it is full time for me to draw these remarks to a close. In looking over the whole field of this discussion, in examining the question in all its bearings, and in every light, the fact stands out prominent and undenied, that Judge Loring, in the year of our Lord 1854, in the State of Massachusetts, took from a man his liberty. By the recognised laws of the civilized world, that, next to the deprivation of life, is considered the greatest of crimes. In no remonstrance, in no argument, in no plea which has been made to us, can I find a sufficient excuse or justification for this atrocious act; and I say of Judge Loring as Edmund Burke said of Warren Hastings: 'Let everything that can be pleaded on the ground of surprise or error, upon those grounds be pleaded with success; we give up the whole of those predicaments. We urge no crimes that were not crimes of forethought. We charge him with nothing that he did not commit against advice, supplication and remonstrance, that he did not commit against the direct command of lawful authority.' * * * 'The crimes of Warren Hastings are crimes not only in themselves, but aggravated by being crimes of contumacy. They were crimes not against forms, but against those eternal laws of justice which are our rule and our birthright. His offences are not in formal, technical language, but in reality, in substance, high crimes and high misdemeanours.'

"From no motives of personal spite or resentment, from no feelings of party rancour or animosity, am I before you, asking for the removal of this Judge. Never by any act of his, officially or otherwise, have I been injured. I fear no event of this kind in the future. But I am a citizen of Massachusetts, born on the soil which first felt the pressure of Pilgrim feet. Within its bosom I expect to repose when I go down to the long rest of the grave. And, sir, above all considerations of material success or party aggrandizement, I place the honour and unsullied fame of Massachusetts. To my native State I have this duty to perform—to correct her errors, and to augment her virtues, as far as lies in my power. It was said by Solon, 'that was the best city where those who are not injured are no less ready to prosecute and punish offenders than those who are.' Though neither you nor I have yet been reft of common laws or constitutional rights, though neither you nor I have yet been deprived of freedom, a fellow-creature, a poor hunted fugitive slave has suffered all this. It was done by a Massachusetts Judge; and we ask, in the name of that wronged and injured slave, that that Judge shall no longer act under the proud seal of this Commonwealth. I want Massachusetts to be as ready to resist an injury inflicted upon its humblest as well as its loftiest citizen. Again, I quote from Edmund Burke, 'God forbid that it shall be bruited from Pekin to Paris, that the laws of England are for the rich and the powerful, but the poor, the miserable, the defenceless, they had no resource at all. God forbid that it should be said no nation is equal to England in substantial violence and in formal justice—that in this kingdom we feel ourselves competent to confer the most extravagant and inordinate powers on public ministers, but that we are deficient and poor, helpless, lame and impotent in the means of calling them to an account for the use of them.'

"Sad as that day was which saw a slave hurried through the streets of Boston, it will be a sadder day still which sees Massachusetts refuse to remove this Judge. Here, if anywhere in this world, we should look for high-minded and honourable actions. Across the water we see Europe waging a warfare for which Christianity has no prayer and for which Liberty has no benediction. In our own nation, we find three millions of the children of unfortunate Africa in abject and hopeless bondage—we find a government without respect and without principle, a people too prone to pursue wealth, too apt to lust for power. To this gloomy picture do not let us add the fact that in the land of the Puritans, in the home of the Revolution, the sons of men who 'for so paltry a sum as three pence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as tea in the eyes of a philosopher, shook the pillars of a commercial empire which circled the globe,' possess not the courage or the virtue to drive from their judicial ranks a Judge who has sent a man into captivity, a captive.

"Remember, gentlemen, I entreat you, the character of the conflict in which we are now engaged. Liberty and Slavery, right and wrong, justice and injustice are now contending one against the other in the council halls of Massachusetts. On the one side, the interests of property—the croakings of conservatism—the enemies of liberty, ask for the retention of this Judge. The people demand his removal. The people believe in justice. They cherish with no ordinary affection the honour of Massachusetts. They love liberty. Stirred by the associations which cluster around their history, and by the purer influences of the religion they venerate, out of respect to the memory of the past, and duty to the present, they have petitioned for this man's removal. While, from a thousand altars, at morning and at evening, prayers ascend for the abused and trampled slave, they cannot believe it consistent to retain as Judge one who ordains slavery for a single instant on our sacred soil. When Anthony Burns was returned, our pride was humbled, our religion and morality were utterly sacrificed. Edward Greeley Loring, an officer of the State, unmindful of the laws of God and the laws of nature, at the cost of State reputation and honour, returned the man. The people ask that he be removed from among our judicial officers. They ask it because to keep him in office is to endorse his acts. They cannot rebuke that shameful act while the guilty Judge is allowed to wield amongst us the sword of Justice. If we do not remove him, we sanction his conduct. They ask it because, while we punish with severity the criminal, surrounded with temptation and corrupting influences, who breaks the law, we should not pass by the educated and refined Judge who violates the spirit of the statutes. They ask it because, by not removing him, we shall acknowledge that, in 1855, *we* do not consider that to make a slave of a human being is so great a sin or misdemeanour as our fathers, in 1803, considered the overcharge of three dollars and thirty-three cents. They do not want posterity to draw that strange comparison, and, therefore, they ask for this removal. They ask it because they desire to respect and sustain the judiciary. They cannot do so while, as part of our judicial system, they see a man who has consigned a fellow-being to slavery. And finally, they ask it because it will, in the most imperative and dignified manner, express the hatred, the indignation and the condemnation which Massachusetts has for the institution of human slavery. The rendition of Anthony Burns was an abnegation of the Christian doctrine of love to man, and the Democratic doctrine of the rights of man. By thrusting from us the instrument by which that deed was consummated, we shall, in part, wipe out the stain that rests upon us; we shall at least prove that the Christian religion still inspires, and the love of liberty still animates, our hearts."

ANOTHER PRO-SLAVERY OUTRAGE IN KANSAS.

BY the *Herald of Freedom* (Lawrence, April 7), we had rumours that the Missourians had threatened to destroy the office of the *Luminary*, a newspaper published at Parkville, on the border of Kansas, which is suspected of Free Soil proclivities. A despatch from Louisville, dated the 21st, says that, on Saturday of the previous week, two hundred citizens of Platte county assembled at Parkville, and attacked the office, destroying the furniture, and threw the press into the Missouri river. The editor would have been tarred and feathered had he not been fortunately absent. Resolutions were passed declaring the *Luminary* a nuisance, and its editors traitors, &c., and an intention was expressed to throw them into the river if found in the place within three weeks, and to follow them and hang them if they ever went to Kansas. The Free Soilers were denounced, and it was decided by the meeting that no Methodist preacher should preach in the country, on pain of being tarred and feathered for the first offence, and hanged for the second. These two hundred villains are undoubtedly a portion of the barbarian horde who went to Kansas on the day of election, and elected pro-slavery members of the Legislature.

Things are evidently approaching a crisis in Kansas, and the battle for freedom will be a bloody as well as an earnest one. Emigrants from the Northern States are rapidly pouring into the Territory, and they will have the question of slavery kept ever before them by the insane conduct of the slaveholders. In the meanwhile, the people at large are *compelled* to pay attention to Kansas affairs. They cannot, if they would, forget the Kansas "election," the Nebraska Bill, which gave rise to these outrageous scenes, or, back of these, the aggressive spirit of SLAVERY, which controlled the whole. The great danger has been that the people would acquiesce, and finally forget the great Congressional outrage of the last session, and that slavery would quietly creep into the Territory and become domiciliated there without much opposition. But the foray of three or four thousand Missourians into the Territory, drunk with liquor, and armed with guns and revolvers, for the purpose of voting down the actual settlers, and forcing slavery upon an unwilling people, will be remembered a long while. On the top of this now comes the mobbing of a Free Soil newspaper. These things cannot but keep public attention directed to the great culprit and disturber of the nation's peace, SLAVERY ITSELF.—*Boston Telegraph.*

A SECOND LETTER FROM DR. LOWELL.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

GENTLEMEN: I thank you for giving so wide a circulation to my notice of Dr. Adams's pro-slavery work as it has had in your much-read journal. Allow me to add another instance of the bewildering effect of his pro-slavery prejudices on the mind of Dr. Adams, in reference to the epistle of Philemon. I omitted to notice it, as I intended, in my former article.

Dr. Adams expresses his wonder and admiration that this "little epistle" "should have been thrown in the sacred code and preserved there"; but he entirely overlooks the fact that the second and third epistles of John, which are both less than the epistles to Philemon, have also "been thrown into the sacred canon," and been kept in equally good preservation to this time. Surely, Dr. Adams, even with his pro-slavery proclivities, will not, in his hallucination, consider these epistles, abounding as they do with love and good will, as sanctioning slavery? If they were preserved for any purpose in reference to this wickedness, it must be for a different one.

Certain it is, that they were not sent by a returned slave. Judas might have done so, but not John, who, when required to obey a wicked law, exclaimed, "We ought to obey God rather than man." No, with his loving heart, the beloved disciple would much sooner have gone himself into bondage, even to a Legree, if one could have been found at that time. C. L.

Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass., April 19, 1855.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1855.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-Second Public Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE (on the site of the late Metropolitan Hall, in Broadway, above Bleecker street), in the city of New York, on WEDNESDAY, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Addresses are expected from WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, THEODORE PARKER, and J. MERCER LANGSTON.

The Society will hold its meetings for business and general discussion in the FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH in Sullivan-street (West of Broadway and just below Houston street), commencing on THURSDAY MORNING, at 9½ o'clock, and continuing as may be determined by vote.

As full an attendance of the members and friends of the Society as practicable, from all parts of the country, is earnestly desired and strongly urged.

The object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national, and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the national Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of slavery, wherever it exists on the American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY,
SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, } *Secretaries.*

INTEMPERANCE AND SLAVERY—A CONTRAST.

THE *Christian Advocate and Journal*, when reminded of the terrible evils of slavery, as practiced and countenanced by Southern Methodists, is forever prating of the difficulties that lie in the way of emancipation, particularly those resulting from the legislation of the slave States, and insisting that the members of the Church really desire the freedom of their bondmen, and only retain them in slavery for their own good! That they ever *do* anything to remove these obstacles, or try in any way to procure the repeal of the laws by which it is pretended that their hands are tied, no one dares affirm. Indeed, it is well known that, on the contrary, they lend their influence to support the very legislation which they urge as an excuse for their sin! And when they are rebuked therefor, they put on a solemn face and begin to talk of the impropriety of Christians meddling with governmental affairs. Nice distinctions they draw between the Church and the world—between "the things that belong to Cæsar" and "those which belong to God"—with much other cant of the same sort, all intended to blind us to the fact that they do not earnestly *desire* the removal of slavery, and therefore do not mean to do anything to accomplish the object.

Let us see, now, how Southern Methodists act in a matter wherein they are *really in earnest*, and in respect to which they have no occasion to resort to any false pretences or subterfuges. The Baltimore Conference, at its recent session, adopted a report on Temperance, from which we give an extract:

"All experience shows that the friends of this cause must not relax their exertions in the slightest—that if we would hope for ultimate triumph, we must be always at work. Methodist preachers have an important department to fill in this enterprise; and should we fail, public expectation will be disappointed, and we will show ourselves unworthy of the fathers whose places we have taken. We must not compromise *with*, but constantly discountenance, in the most decided manner, the *monster evil*. Therefore,

"Resolved, 1st, That the present is no time for compromise with intemperance, or the practices which lead to and foster it.

"2d, That we will faithfully execute our Rule of Discipline in regard to dram-drinking, liquor-selling, &c., &c.

"3d, That we have no fellowship with the legislation by which the traffic in alcohol is vitalized and perpetuated; and we will faithfully bear our testimony against it, and seek, by every proper means, to have so crying an enormity wiped away from our statute-books.

"4th, That we will form, and unite with, *Temperance* Societies wherever practicable, and, by addresses, sermons and every means in our power, advance the interests of this cause."

Here it is admitted that Methodists have duties to perform—duties for the neglect of which bad legislation can afford no excuse. Instead of employing their ingenuity to frame such interpretations of the discipline as will permit dram-drinkers and grog-sellers to keep their places in the Church, they resolve to do their utmost to exterminate the "monster evil" from their pale. Instead of homilies upon the danger and the sin of permitting a Church to interfere with the laws, we have a resolve that they will do their utmost to purify the statute-book of the legislation which "vitalizes and perpetuates" the evils of intemperance.

Now, there is not one single argument in favour of the interference of the Church with drunkenness and its countless evils which does not apply, with greatly augmented force, to the relations of the same body to the sin and shame of slavery; and the reason why the Baltimore Conference admits its duty in the one case and not in the other is that, while it is earnestly engaged in the Temperance Reform, it is indifferent to the wrongs and the woes endured by the slaves, and bound hand and foot to the Slave Power. Who can doubt it? During the very session at which the above report on Temperance was adopted, they rejected unanimously, and even scornfully, the resolve of the Wisconsin Conference requesting the next General Conference to forbid the buying, selling and holding of slaves. They first denied the courtesy of a *reading* to the resolutions of a sister Conference, but, upon second thought, contented themselves with a vote of non-concurrence.

EDITORIAL HUMILITY.—Our readers will remember an article published in the STANDARD, a few weeks since, giving an account of a slave auction among the heathen of Java. It first appeared, we believe, in the *Independent*, whence it was copied into a large number of journals, and, among them, the Baltimore *Methodist Protestant*, where it was accompanied by the following humble apology:

"'SLAVE AUCTION IN JAVA.'

"A brief article, with this head, appears on the fourth page of our paper this week. It is of a class of articles we *never select*, because they are very often manufactured by paragraphists for a purpose, and are not reliable. It was put in by our printer in place of something we had *marked out*. We did not see this objectionable substitute until the outside form was worked off, and are therefore not responsible for it."

The *National Era* intimates that some of those who read the article may be inclined to think that the printer should be the editor! We may judge of the force of the slaveholding sentiment at the South when, even in Baltimore, the editor of a religious paper dare not tell a story of the slave trade in a heathen land, lest it should be understood as a rebuke to the traders in human flesh in that city.

CUBA AND THE ADMINISTRATION...No. V.

THE greatest hardships of Cuban slavery consist in overwork and the numerical disparity of the sexes. The early sugar-planters of the island, having an unrestricted and cheap supply to order from Africa, purchased few or none but males. This inhuman economy still prevails to a considerable extent, though abandoned on some estates, and much mitigated on most of those where it is not abandoned. The average excess of males on the whole island, from 1774 to 1827, was 23 per cent. or a little over 1 1-2 males to 1 female. This being the effect of the facility and cheapness of procuring new captives, diminishes, of course, in proportion as the difficulty and danger of slave trade increase. Latterly, more attention and kindness are shown to mothers. A month of repose before and a month after child-birth are allowed them, and some hours every day during several succeeding months. The results of the censuses of 1841 and 1851, now before us, do not distinguish the sexes; so that we are unable to determine the precise progress of this amelioration; but the advancing prices of slaves, and the testimony of reliable witnesses, among whom is Dr. Abbott, leave no reasonable doubt of its reality. Marriage between slaves is legal and inviolable, and jealousy and revenge are recognised and feared in the slave husband as much as in others—an idea which would be received among the American chivalry with explosions of merriment and the vulgarest jesting. As the most signal instance of recent oppression, in the complete and stern disuniting of the sexes, an American, named Baker, is adduced. He is established near Cienfuegos, and keeps seven hundred slaves, among whom *there is not one woman*. He locks them up in grated barracoons whenever they are not at work in the field.

Overwork, especially on the sugar plantations, is a great cause of misery and mortality among the slaves of Cuba. The duration of labour does not differ materially from that in the United States, although the Spanish law limits it to the hours from sunrise to sunset. In practice, the restriction is neglected, and from dawn till dusk, and sometimes by moonlight, the toiling captive plies his hopeless task. At noon, however, two hours are allowed for dinner and rest. On the sugar estates, during the harvesting and manufacturing season, the work goes on night and day. The hours of sleep are variously stated at four, four and a half and five in twenty-four. The annual quantity of sugar to the hand is ten boxes of three quintals, or 3,000 lbs. The annual loss of slaves is estimated at ten per cent. per annum; on the coffee estates, at 3 1-2 to 5 per cent. One to two per cent. of this may be charged to the inequality of the sexes. Among the newly-arrived captives, there is always a great mortality after landing, and before they become acclimated and are considered sound. This is estimated, by those who have treated of the slave trade, at twenty to twenty-five per cent. The deficiency of females on the sugar estates is about twice the average deficiency on the whole island. After due deductions for these causes, there will still remain seven or eight per cent. of premature death, to be accounted for from severity and continuity of labour and deprivation of sleep in crop time. The overwork during that time results from the fact that a great deal more force is required to convert the cane into sugar than to cultivate it; and as the cultivating season is nine months, and the manufacturing but three, the planters find it more economical to sacrifice a portion of their labourers than to reinforce them by a sufficiency for the cropping, to become superfluous as soon as that is over.

In the United States, where the plough is employed, one labourer cultivates many more acres of cane than in Cuba, where the use of the plough for this culture is almost unknown. In all the West Indies, the greatest extent cultivated by one man or woman, simply with the hoe and machet, or cleaver, is *one and a half* acres. In the United States, it is *five acres*, yielding about half as much to the acre as in the West Indies; but, as ploughs, horses and mules are employed with us, it is difficult to establish a comparison of the labours of the cultivators. It is of little importance, since it is not, either in Cuba or the United States, the field-work which tortures and wastes the workmen. The sugar-mill is the slaughter-house; and a comparison between two abominations, both deserving to be engulphed by an earthquake, is the poor entertainment to which our readers are now invited.

Our first American witness is Thomas Spaulding, a Georgia sugar-planter, an intelligent man, who was called upon, in 1830, to give information, for the use of Congress, on the whole subject of the sugar culture and manufacture in the United States. He said:

"It would take *fifty* labourers to take off *one hundred* acres of cane in the two months of November and December, and to grind and manufacture it. In Louisiana, the same number of hands would cultivate 250 acres."

"I conceive the negroes of Louisiana are too severely worked. There are too many *men* upon their plantations, and, so far as I know, they were declining in nnmbers and sinking in strength."

"When the culture of cane is confined to *two acres* of land to the hand, with some accompanying crop, the negroes unquestionably prefer it to any other culture in the country. They appear to me, so far as I can judge of my own, to enjoy more health, and to multiply faster, than they did before I introduced sugar cane among them; and this is reasonable, for every man, woman and child upon the plantation is feeding on the sweets of the cane for three months of the year."

How does this view of the alleviation, which the sugar culture might be of the cruel lot of the manacled slave, aggravate the bitterness of the scourge, which it is! The above sentences from Mr. Spaulding comprise the whole story of the annual sugar-house murders in the United States. From the position and character of the man, they merit the closest attention. He says that the slaves of the sugar plantations have to manufacture *two and a half times as much sugar in two months as they ought to.*

We will now call from the "Thousand Witnesses" of Weld's "American Slavery" Dr. Demming, a highly respectable gentleman of Ashland, Ohio. He says:

"That, during a recent tour to the South, while ascending the Ohio river, on the steamboat Fame, he had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Dickinson, a resident of Pittsburg, in company with a number of cotton-planters and slave-dealers from Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. Mr. Dickinson stated, as a fact, that the sugar-planters on the sugar coast of Louisiana had ascertained that, as it was necessary to employ about *twice* the amount of labour during the boiling season that was required during the season of raising, they could, by excessive driving, day and night, during the boiling season, accomplish the whole labour with one set of hands. By pursuing this plan, *they could afford to sacrifice one set of hands in every seven years!* He further stated that this horrible system was now practised to a considerable extent. The correctness of this statement was substantially admitted by the slaveholders on board."

As to the "extent" of the practice, we have conclusive evidence from the sugar planters themselves. In Document No. 62, of House of Representatives, 2d Session, 21st Congress, we have the unanimous declarations of "the Central Committee of the Sugar-Planters of St. James's Parish" [County], of "the Agricultural Society of Baton Rouge," and of several of the most prominent individuals in the State, that the average extent cultivated in cane is fully five acres to the hand, and they specify instances of *six* to *nine* acres!

Our next witness is Mr. Samuel Blackwell, a gentleman who is well known to us, and will be remembered, by many in this community and in Ohio, as a truthful and noble-minded man. He testifies:

"That he visited many of the sugar-plantations in Louisiana, a few years since, and, having for many years been the owner of an extensive sugar-refinery in England, and subsequently in this country, he not only had every facility afforded him by the planters for personal inspection of all parts of the process of sugar-making, but received from them the most unreserved communications as to the management of their slaves." After his return, Mr. Blackwell frequently made the following statement to gentlemen of his acquaintance: "That the planters generally declared to him that they were *obliged* so to overwork their slaves during the sugar-making season (from eight to ten weeks) *as to use them up in seven or eight years.* For, said they, after the process is commenced, it must be pushed without cessation, night and day; and we cannot afford to keep a sufficient number of slaves to do the *extra* work at the time of sugar-making, as we could not profitably employ them the rest of the year."

In 1832, Mr. Cambreling, of New York, stated, in the House of Representatives, "that the mortality of the slaves on the sugar-plantations of Louisiana exceeds by *nine per centum* that of slaves in the other planting States."

In 1834, in a conversation with Mr. Birney, at Ashland, Henry Clay said "that he had been led to mistrust certain estimates, which he had theretofore presented, relative to the increase of the slave population in the far South-West. He now believed that the births in that quarter were not equal to the deaths. Among other facts, he mentioned this, that the Hon. Outerbridge Horsey, formerly a Senator in Congress, from Delaware, and the owner of a sugar plantation in Louisiana, declared to him that his overseer worked his hands so closely that one of the women brought forth a child while engaged in the labour of the field! Also, that, a few years since, he (Mr. Clay) was at a brickyard in the environs of New Orleans, in which *one hundred* hands were employed, and among them twenty or thirty young women in the prime of life. He was told by the proprietor that there had not been a child born among them for the last two or three years, although they all had husbands."

And now we will close the examination with the testimony of a holy man of the Church of Christ. The Rev. John O. Choules, a gentleman favourably known in the literary world, while attending the Baptist Triennial Convention at Richmond, Va., in 1825, asked his host, an officer in the Baptist Church, if he did not apprehend that the slaves would eventually rise and exterminate their masters?

"Why," said he, "I used to apprehend such a catastrophe, but God has made a providential opening and a merciful safety valve; and now I do not feel alarmed at the prospect of what is coming." What do you mean, inquired Mr. Choules, by Providence opening "a merciful safety valve?" "Why," said the gentleman, "I will tell you. The slave-traders come from the cotton and sugar plantations of the South, and are willing to buy up more slaves than we can part with. We must keep a stock for the purpose of rearing slaves, but we part with the most valuable, and, at the same time, the most *dangerous*; and the demand is very constant and likely to continue so; *for, when they go to those Southern States,* THE AVERAGE EXISTENCE IS ONLY FIVE YEARS."

What is the amount of all this evidence? Two witnesses, one with the concurrence of a company of slaveholders from the depths of the South-West, and the other with that of the Louisiana sugar-planters, generally, say that a complete set of hands is sacrificed every *seven years.* Mr. Cambreling says the mortality is *nine per cent.* more than in the other planting States; and Mr. Clay, that he believes the births in the South-West are not equal to the deaths. We consider the planting States, the slave consuming States and the South-West as nearly or quite identical. The Northern slave States are slave-breeding and farming States. Then, Mr. Cambreling's "nine per centum" is a reduction from less than no increase. The testimony of the rejoicing saint of Richmond makes God's mercies amount to *twenty deaths to every hundred lives,* every year of grace! There is mercy in this, much more than the pious man meant. We consider, however, that, in his zeal to "magnify the name of the Lord," and persuade himself of his own safety, he over-estimated a little the size of "the safety valve." The testimony of Messrs. Deming and Blackwell, besides being the general sense of the planters themselves, agrees perfectly with what we have heard from residents of the South-West for twenty-five years. We, therefore, fix the positive loss, after the absorption of births (if there happen to be any, where, according to Mr. Spaulding, females are deficient as well as in Cuba), at *fourteen or fifteen per cent.*

Upon the whole matter, as touching the sugar slaves, we are quite convinced that the mortality, and, consequently, the cruelty, is greatest in the United States. But, even if we are mistaken on this point, our position on the general question would remain unshaken, for we could fall back on the ease and certainty of emancipation in Cuba, on freedom of instruction and education, freedom from separation and inviolability of marriage.

On the particular point before us, two very comprehensive reasons, in addition to the facts, have turned the scale in our mind. First, the crop season is a month longer in Cuba than in the United States; and if as much hardship and cruelty are crowded into two months here as are put into three months there, it is easy to see to which side the balance of cruelty inclines. Secondly, though the season is a *third longer there,* we make a *quarter more* sugar to the hand *here.* Mr. Turnbull, a most accurate investigator, says it is 3,000 lbs. there, which he considers oppressive. We find by the information of the Louisiana planters to Congress, before referred to, that the quantity is upwards of 4,000 lbs. here, going, in some instances, even as high as 5,000 to 8,000 lbs. on an average of five years!

It is to be remembered that sugar-planting is not confined, in the United States, to Louisiana. It is found in Texas, where it will have a great development; in Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina.

It is also to be remembered that on many rice and cotton as well as sugar plantations, the overwork is habitual and fatal. Dr. Channing gives an instance of overwork and hard driving, of which he was a witness, on a Virginia *farm,* where the births were more than absorbed by death, and the slaves *decreased,* instead of multiplying, from year to year. D. L. C.

SECTARIAN ANTI-SLAVERY AT THE WEST.—There has been held, for several successive years, in the month of April, in Cincinnati, an Anti-Slavery Convention, open, upon equal terms, to Abolitionists of every school, without regard to sect or party. This liberality of the platform was a great annoyance to certain sectarian anti-slavery men, self-styled "evangelical," whose consciences (a synonym, in this case, for bigotry and self-righteousness) would not permit them to unite with "heretics," and especially with hated "Garrisonians," for the abolition of slavery. Some of them, in their Church relations, did not scruple to hold alliance with slaveholders, but with "infidel" Abolitionists they could have no part nor lot. In spite of the influence of this class, however, the Convention has been, from year to year, very interesting and successful. Among its good effects has been this, viz.: that the eyes of many have been opened to the injustice, nay, the meanness of denouncing as "infidels" those who show, by their conversation and daily life as well as by their devotion to the slave, that they have the *spirit of Christ.* Professing Christians who, for years, have been misled by the so-called religious press in regard to the characters of radical Abolitionists, have been undeceived. The sectarians, seeing this, and becoming alarmed in consequence, devised a scheme which they thought would have the effect of preserving their followers from further contact with "infidels." This scheme was nothing less than the calling of a new Convention, under the specious appellation of a "*Christian* Anti-Slavery Convention," which, coming only a fortnight later than the other, they probably thought would divert therefrom not a few of those who might otherwise attend, and whose presence was needful to its full success. The call for this new Convention was issued with not a little parade, and with the countenance, express or implied, of some distinguished gentlemen not hitherto identified with any anti-slavery movement. It seems, however, that there is a hitch somewhere, and that the Convention, after all, is not to be held. The *Free Presbyterian* gives us this information, and says it learns, informally, that the Convention has been defeated through certain influences "not fit to be named." We shall probably hear more on the subject hereafter.

KOSSUTH AND CUBA.—Louis Kossuth is writing a series of letters to the *Times* upon European Politics. In his latest epistle, he thus expresses himself upon the question of Cuban Annexation, as presented in the Soulé correspondence:

"As to the merit of the case—Cuba—I have already told you my opinion without reserve. From what I read in the diplomatic disclosures, however, two observations occur to me. The first is, that I really see that the idea of purchasing Cuba has been actually entertained by the Cabinet of Washington. I have felt always inclined to doubt the fact; because it either implies an absolute want of practical sense, and of that appreciation of circumstances which are essential to statesmen, or it must suggest an indication of the will to speculate upon the corruptness of those who governed poor Spain. The first is not calculated to enhance the credit for perspicacity of the Administration at Washington; the second is clashingly contrary to that republican virtue which is the best guardian of Republics.

"Another observation I have to offer has reference to that expression emanating from the Ostend Conference—that 'by every law, human and divine, the United States shall be justified in wresting Cuba from Spain.' I protest, in the name of republican principles, against this. The pretended right of conquest is not a right, but an outrage on right. Nobody on earth has the right to decide of the future of Cuba, but the people of Cuba. Without their consent, the keeping of Cuba by Spain is oppression—the conquest of Cuba piracy. Wo to the world if the only great Republic on earth were to set the egotistical plea of interest before right, and before those eternal principles without which freedom is an empty word. If that be the case with you, tear to pieces your Declaration of Independence—it is a bitter mockery. And what is the source of this strange anomaly? Why, Slavery! and always Slavery—that curse and that stain, as I have been saying once before."

Very good, Mr. Kossuth! We congratulate you upon the discovery that it is "Slavery, and *always* Slavery," that is uppermost in the thought and purpose of the American Government. You were told as much in 1851–52, but you would not be convinced. You permitted yourself to be cheated by the empty laudations of slaveholders and their tools, fancying that your silence in regard to their wickedness and hypocrisy could be turned to the advantage of Hungary. You set "the egotistical plea of interest before right" when you failed to "protest, in the name of republican principles," against the crime which makes the Government of the United States "a bitter mockery." If you had dared to utter the truth then, as you do now, the real friends of liberty, the world over, would have honoured you, and the slaveholders, while they hated, would at least have respected and feared you, as now they do not. In the moment that you consented to be speechless in regard to the gigantic crime of American slavery, you were false to "those eternal principles without which freedom is an empty word." The slaveholders witnessed your fall, and said, exultingly, "Aha! he has become like one of us! His words, hereafter, will be mere sound!" And they were right. Your tardy rebukes are without power, save to provoke anew the derision of those against whom they are directed.

DISGRACEFUL FACTS.—Dartmouth College, an

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.

The time has arrived when Abolitionists, in various parts of the country, will expect to be informed of the arrangements for Anti-Slavery Agitation in New York, during Anniversary Week. Happily, we are able to give them now the information they seek by announcing the following programme of Lectures and meetings, viz. :

1. On Tuesday evening, May 8th, at 7 3-4 o'cl'k, the Hon. Henry Wilson, the lately elected Senator from Massachusetts, will deliver a Lecture, supplemental to the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Second Annual Course, in the Metropolitan Theatre (on the site of the late Metropolitan Hall), in Broadway, above Bleecker. His subject will be "Anti-Slavery in 1835 and Anti-Slavery in 1855 Contrasted." Of this Lecture, already delivered in Boston, the *Liberator* says: "It was an able, generous and manly effort—making the anti-slavery cause paramount to all other interests or parties in the land. It was very warmly applauded." Admittance, 25 cents.

2. On Wednesday morning, May 9th, at 10 o'cl'k, in the Metropolitan Theatre, the American Anti-Slavery Society, as noticed elsewhere, will hold its Anniversary. The speaking on the occasion will, as in former years, no doubt, be of the highest order. The names of the orators will be announced hereafter. This meeting will be free to all.

3. On Wednesday evening, May 9th, at 7 3-4 o'clock, the Hon. Charles Sumner will deliver, in the Metropolitan Theatre, a Lecture upon "The Necessity, Practicability and Dignity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, with Glimpses at the Practical Duties of the Free States." This Lecture, like Mr. Wilson's, will be supplemental to the Course of the New York Anti-Slavery Society. Admittance, 25 cents.

4. The American Anti-Slavery Society will meet in open Convention, for the transaction of its usual business and for general discussion, on Thursday, May 10th, at 9 1-2 o'clock, in the Free-will Baptist Church, in Sullivan street (west of Broadway, between Prince and Houston), and afterwards as may be determined by vote.

5. On Friday evening, May 11th, at the Broadway Tabernacle, the New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Anniversary. Addresses by distinguished friends of the cause. Admittance, 12 1-2 cents, to defray expenses.

Never, we believe, in any former year, have the arrangements for anti-slavery meetings in Anniversary Week presented stronger inducements for a multitudinous gathering of the friends of the cause from every part of the country. The Metropolitan Theatre is hardly surpassed for size and elegance by any auditorium in the United States. We hope to see it crowded, on each occasion above specified, from the parquette to the uppermost gallery. The Freewill Baptist Church is light, spacious and convenient, and stands in a quiet street, easy of access. It is large enough to accommodate a pretty numerous audience.

A Reverend Liar.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Columbian* states that the Rev. Mr. Dennison, of Louisville, the claimant of Rosetta, wrote to Mr. Van Slyke, the legally appointed guardian of the girl, that the object of his conversation with the girl in Mr. Van Slyke's house, in which he told her that he had come to take her back with him, *if she was willing to go*, and on her refusal bade her a *final* farewell, was to *deceive* that gentleman in regard to his purpose of attempting to capture the girl by the Fugitive Act, and thus prevent him taking precautions to defeat that infamous project. Whereupon the *Free Presbyterian* says: "The essence of a *lie*, according to ethical writers, is a purpose to deceive. Hence, according to his own confession, this 'high-minded Southern' girl-catcher was guilty of deliberate falsehood. He seems to glory in his shame. In keeping with this was his swearing to a lie before the Commissioner. To what baseness will not a villainous slaveholder descend!"

A Hard Hit.—Mr. Huntington, of Northampton, though a Free Soiler, made an able speech in opposition to the removal of Judge Loring. One of his points was, that it was wrong to single out Mr Loring for punishment when there were so many others quite as guilty as he, if not more so. "The clergy," said he, "upheld the Compromises, and deprecated agitation. Professors Stuart of Andover and Lord of Dartmouth put forth the faith of the Orthodox denomination sustaining the Compromises."

Mr. Neale, of Boston, here rose and asked if the Northampton gentleman intended to saddle upon the Orthodox denomination the dogma of Professors Stuart and Lord?

Mr. Huntington. "No, Sir! I do not. They saddle themselves" (shouts of laughter all over the House).

The Peace Party in England.—The following paragraph, from one of Mr. Chesson's letters to *The Wesleyan*, shows that there is a class of persons in England who, in spite of the war excitement, are earnestly endeavouring to disseminate the principles of peace :

"The Peace party at home are not diminishing their activity. The memorial in favour of an Armistice, and addressed to Lord Palmerston, which is being got up at Manchester, has already received ten or twelve thousand signatures in that city. Peace meetings in various parts of the country are being continued. Mr. George Thompson continues to be the principal speaker. He addressed a magnificent assembly of three thousand persons in the Town Hall of Birmingham on Friday night. Last night we had a capital meeting in this town. The feeling of the people is rapidly changing; but it will be a long time before they will be able to form a just and impartial judgment of the conduct of Russia."

New England Methodists—In the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the 16th inst., the presiding Bishop introduced the following resolution, for concurrence, from the Wisconsin Annual Conference :

"Resolved, That we request the next General Conference to alter our general rule on slavery, so that it may forbid the buying, selling or holding a human being as a slave."

The resolution was adopted, by a vote of 87 to 3. This "request" is easily made, and amounts to nothing practically. It is well understood that the General Conference will refuse to comply, and that then the New England Methodists will quietly submit and stick as closely as ever to a slaveholding Church. The resolution is only a sop to delude anti-slavery members and keep them from leaving the body.

Good for Dartmouth College!—This institution has for its President the Rev. Dr. Lord, who teaches the doctrine that slavery is a Divine, Scriptural and Christian institution. The Alumni, probably with the intention of providing an antidote to this moral poison, have appointed as their orator at the next Commencement the Hon. Salmon P. Chase. The united Literary Societies have named as *their* orator, for the same occasion, Wendell Phillips, Esq. We venture to predict that, between these two champions of liberty, the President's scandalous heresy will get some pretty hard knocks.

Progressive Friends.—It is scarcely necessary to invite attention to the official call, in another column, for the next Yearly Meeting of the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania. It will be observed that Theodore Parker is engaged to be present on the occasion, and to take part in the dedicatory services appropriate to the first opening of the new Progressive meeting-house. We understand that Mr. Parker will be invited, on his way to or from the meeting, to speak on the subject of slavery at Wilmington, Delaware, and perhaps, also, at Philadelphia.

Barclay Pennock was advertised to lecture at West Chester, Pa., on Tuesday evening last, upon the Scenery, Life and Customs of the People of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Anti-Slavery in Virginia.—Mr. Beale, the Know-Nothing candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, is opposed by the regular Democracy on account of his alleged Abolitionism. He is reported as having said, in a speech, that "the great prime cause of the degeneracy of Virginia is the existence in her midst of the institution of slavery. It is slavery that has done the evil." The defenders of slavery are indignant in view of this honest confession, though they all know it to be the simple truth. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Mr. Beale would countenance any determined effort to abolish the system which produces so much of evil. He is probably as eager as Wise himself to control the legislation of Congress in favour of the institution.

☞ Tract No. 13 of the Anti-Slavery Series is now ready. It is entitled "The Two Altars; or, Two Pictures in One," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Hon. Henry Wilson has been lecturing on Slavery, during the past week, in various towns in Massachusetts.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXVI.

The Argument.—The Correspondent explaineth why he writeth—He praiseth Procrastination—And blasphemeth the Copy Book—He giveth it the lie—He defineth Punctuality—He speaketh of St. Hallett's Day—He defendeth that holy man—And condoleth with him—He querieth as to angelic onions—He praiseth Judge Curtis—Promotheus in a silk gown—Disappointed Vultures—The Loring Removal—Chances of the same—Gubernatorial Castles in the Air—Proposed Proviso—Its Effect, if passed—The Nunnery Committee—Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Harris—Mr. Hiss defended—What is expected out of doors—And what is likely to be done in them, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, April 23d, 1855.

You would have a very scant chance of a letter this week, if it were not that there is something else which I ought to be doing. That being the case, it would not be human nature if I did not feel moved in every direction except the right one, and disposed to do anything and everything excepting that one particular piece of task-work. I have been away, too, for a week or so, as perhaps you may be aware, which has helped to drive me into a corner a little closer even than usual. So that, on the whole, it is quite likely that you may get your allowance this week—thanks to that best of Virtues, Procrastination! "The Copy-book says, 'Procrastination] is the Thief of Time!'" does it? Then, the Copy-book lies. It's no such thing. Procrastination is the Save-all of Time. For, of course, if you put off doing a thing until the last moment and leave yourself no more time than is absolutely necessary for doing it, you save all the time you would have been dawdling over it, had you given yourself any more. Don't you see? It's the greatest discovery of the Age. I am not sure that I have not said this, or something like it, before. But, never mind, it can't be repeated too often. Line upon line, precept upon precept, you know. It's the secret of the immense amount of intellectual labour I go through with. It is like Punctuality. Now, there are some unpunctual people who are always a quarter of an hour too soon. Of course, they lose all those quarters of hours. Your true man of punctuality is he who arrives at the very article of time, just as the Ferry Boat is pushing off, or the Railway Train snaking its way out of the Station. He enjoys the sweet satisfaction of having made the most of his time. And has n't the Copy-book something to say about *Time*, I should like to know? And are not those odd minutes, thus nicely skimmed off, the very creamiest ones of life? *I* think so, at any rate.

I wrote to you last on the very Eve of St. Hallett's Day—the blessed day when he was to bring to the Stake, or, at least, to the preliminary Inquisition, those contumacious heretics, Phillips, Parker, Higginson, and the rest of them. Certainly, things took a turn different from what was looked for. Great was the disappointment that has ensued. Nobody is believed to be pleased with the present state of things, excepting Mr. Justice Curtis. Mr. Hallett is said to have been provoked to the swearing point. This, however, I cannot believe. I cannot for a moment admit the possibility of a pious member of a Low Episcopal Church, and one who was selected to represent it in its last Convention—I say, I cannot admit the possibility of such a man's *swearing*. Catching negroes, and restoring them to the Gospel Privileges from which they have ignorantly removed themselves, is strictly a part of American Christianity. It was the chief object of Curtis's Mission and of the Teachings of the Apostles. This, Divines of all stripes proved, four years ago, out of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations. But *swearing!* It cannot be. Some enemy hath done this. But, of a surety, it was enough to try the patience of that good man. After he had been at the pains to deal with two Grand Juries, and after he had, with infinite labour and pains, obtained a True Bill against those blasphemers of the True Faith, to have all his handiwork *quashed*, sent to everlasting smash, and that, too, by one whom he had, not unreasonably, looked upon as his confederate, was *too* bad. Anybody else would have sworn under stress of such a provocation. But not he! O, no, not he! Let us not lose hold of all our faith in human goodness. It was a reflection on his professional skill as well as a wound to his sensibilities as a National Patriot. If he *had* sworn, I cannot but think that the Recording Angel would have tried to squeeze out one tear to blot it out forever. I wonder whether any of the modern Seers who look into the other world in rapt vision, and tell us what we are to expect in it, make mention of any such things as *onions*, there.

It is said, though I do not vouch for it, as Mr. Hallett has not made me his confidant as yet, that he or his friends declare that Judge Curtis came back from Washington resolved to find or make a flaw in these indictments. Like a man wise in his generation, as he undoubtedly is, notwithstanding the stupendous blunder of his Charge last summer, when he found he had put his foot in it, he lost no time in taking it out again on the first opportunity. When he felt the bridge, he knew by instinct it wouldn't carry him over. He had miscalculated the force of the Jordan of popular feeling and the strength of the pro-slavery pontifice thrown over it for the easy passage of political pilgrims to the promised land of office. So he drew back his steps and turned his face in another direction. It is not to be wondered at, that this eminent magistrate should not have looked forward with rapture to hearing that Speech of Mr. Parker's in his own defence, which Mr. Curtis called for at the Compromise Meeting in Faneuil Hall, when he himself was on probation and was earning his present promotion, and which, though then ready and offered, has never yet been heard. It is not unnatural that Judge Curtis should not have relished the notion of being chained to the Bench, like a new Prometheus in a Silk Gown, and those two vultures, "with their beaks in his heart and their fiery eyes in his inmost soul," pegging away at him at their good will and pleasure. But then, only think of their disappointment! A Catholic sympathy cannot but take even them in in its embrace—as the little child in the Independent's Story cried because the poor little lion was n't like to get his share of the prophet Daniel in the picture. Just think of it! When they had thought that they should have Judge Curtis nailed to the Bench and obliged to hear all they had to say, until they had entirely relieved their minds, to have it all quashed under his feet! Either of them, I will answer for it, would have thought such a chance cheaply bought at the price of six months' imprisonment and three hundred rascal dollars. So, I think, the least they can do will be to publish the speeches they would have made, had they not been thus untimely nipped, not in the bud, but in the seed.

The House of Representatives, as you and your readers very well know, passed the Loring Removal Address, by a vote of about two to one. This was much better than I had hoped. A moderate majority was all I looked for. It will go a great way to cover their Nunnery Examinations and divers other simplicities into which the Know-Nothings have suffered themselves to fall. The vote in the Senate is to be taken on Wednesday, and will be known before your next paper, and this letter, appears.* Of course, every machinery will be put in motion to stop the process there. And as the Body is so much smaller, there is a corresponding chance of success. The talk now is that Governor Gardner is desirous of having it fall through, before reaching him. The gossip is, for the truth of which I in nowise vouch, that his Excellency esteems himself to have a contingent possibility of being "Sam's" candidate for the Vice-Presidency, next campaign, and so is desirous of keeping his title clear to those mansions in the skies. A Mansion in the Skies, or a Castle in the Air, I imagine it will prove to be; but it is just such airy nothings that lure men into quagmires and over precipices. Perhaps, this is a mere invention of the enemy. But, if not, the influence of the Governor would be likely to be much more strongly felt among forty men than among three or four hundred. It is said that it is intended to try again the *dodge* which came not very far from succeeding in the House—that of passing the Address with a Proviso that if Judge Loring resign his Commissionership within three days, it shall not be presented to the Governor. The result would hardly be changed were this to be done, as it is hardly to be supposed that even Judge Loring would stultify himself to the extent demanded. It would, at all events, convince all Hunkerdom that he ought to be removed from an office which he would submit to such a humiliation to retain. But, let the Address pass or not, and be granted or not, it will have been the best Winter's work any Massachusetts Legislature has been engaged in these many years—and will yet bring forth fruit.

The Nunnery Matter and the expedition of Mrs. Patterson to Lowell, at the expense of the Commonwealth, have become the property of the whole country, and I don't think I have anything to tell that everybody does n't know. The very most was made of the first matter by the enemies of the Know-Nothings—though it certainly did not tend to increase their reputation for Knowing Much. The second affair attracted more serious attention, out of the political circles who wished to make capital of it, one way or the other. We have been so long accustomed to pay for the journeys, dinners and wine of our Collective Wisdom, that we have got used to it. But when it is now proposed to tax our pockets and our patience yet further, and in new lines of expense, the lieges are rather inclined to be restive. I don't know but that the Woman's Rights Party will regard this adding of Mrs. Patterson to a Legislative Committee as the first fruits of their labours, and as a foretaste of the Good Time Coming when Woman shall have her Own. But the unbelieving public are disinclined to see any good in it—the rather as the personal identity of Mrs. Patterson seems to be almost as mythical as that of the "lady which her name was Harris," herself; though, I believe, no legislative Betsy Prig has ever ventured to affirm that "she did n't believe there was n't no such person." And there is the less reason for supposing that this measure had anything to do with the Women's Rights Movement, inasmuch as Mr. Hiss, the mover in it, is understood to be a National Patriot of the intensest description, and perfectly sound on all questions of Rum, Niggers and Women. The Report of the Committee to which it was referred has met with general ridicule and denunciation; and, though accepted, is yet likely to make fun. The feeling out of doors is, that the House is bound, in self-respect, to expel Mr. Hiss, for this Adventure of his in behalf of this distressed damsel. But it is most likely they will cover it up.

D. Y.

*Postponed till Friday, too late to permit us to announce the result this week.—Eds.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

Emigration to Kansas—Encouraging Signs in Public Opinion—The late Slave Cases—Prospects for the Ohio State Elections—Anti-Slavery Conventions in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, April 20, 1855.

For several weeks past, there has been a strong tide of emigration flowing towards the West, and especially towards Kansas and Nebraska. Every steamer touching at our wharves, bound for St. Louis, has Kansas emigrants aboard; some of the boats are crowded with them; and the cars on our Northern railroads are filled with parties emigrating from New England to the West. A party left this place some weeks ago, by the river, in which were a number of Kentuckians, all, however, decidedly in favour of free soil, and well provided for a new settlement, having a saw mill, ox-teams and other conveniences with them. A party has been for some time organizing here, and are to start, on the 23d inst., for Kansas, composed of men of all professions, including a good number of industrious mechanics. This company is called the "Cincinnati Kansas League," and has been holding frequent meetings lately, until a church is necessary for their meeting. I do not know the exact number who have united with this "League," but it numbers several hundred. I am glad to see this determination to settle our new Territories, even if some of the emigrants are urged to it by the "hard times" in the States, and the desire to improve their condition, quite as much as by a hatred to slavery. Let this tide go on increasing from the Northern States during all the coming Summer and Fall, and good will come of it. It is full of hope. Though things look dark enough in Kansas, just now, and the slaveholders have, for the present, triumphed, it will never do for the friends of freedom to give up in despair and let the Slave Power have it in their own way. We must meet the crisis manfully, and there is no way more peaceful, legitimate, and every way unobjectionable, of counteracting the designs of the slaveholders, than by filling up Kansas with young men and families of free soil and anti-slavery principles—of placing free labour in occupancy of the Territory as rapidly as possible. Let this plan be persevered in, with energy and in the proper spirit; and if we fail, we shall have the consciousness, at all events, of having laboured in a just cause.

Mr. Boynton's book on Kansas has been of much service. It contains useful information relative to the new Territory, and has been much sought for and read by those contemplating a journey thither. It has, no doubt, aided in deciding many a young man to make Kansas his future home.

You have published the main facts in the late Slave Cases here, and I have only to remark upon them, that, though it devolves upon the Abolitionists, or those gentlemen known as "Free Soilers," to take active measures in defence of the legal rights of alleged fugitives, and secure for them an impartial trial, there is among men of all parties and religious persuasions a general feeling of sympathy for the slaves and congratulation at the announcement that they are free. This feeling in favour of freedom is evidently gaining ground in our community. There never before was as general a dislike to slavery and the whole slave code, among us, as at present, and the pro-slavery measures of President Pierce and the so-called Democratic party for a year or more past have given strength to this public sentiment. This dislike to the Administration is so strong, there is every reason to believe that, at our next State election, in October, there will again be an union of the Anti-Nebraska forces, and the State be carried by an overwhelming majority for freedom. The Know-Nothings, whatever may be said of their pro-slavery proclivities in some of the other States, are, with us, almost in a body, in opposition to the extension of slavery into free territory; the Whigs are all Anti-Nebraska; and if a good State ticket is nominated, composed of decided anti-slavery men, the Free Soilers will again unite, as they did last year, in the support of such a ticket. Some of the Democrats, too (notwithstanding the offence many of them have taken at the ultraism of the Know-Nothings), opposed to the Nebraska iniquity, will have the manliness to vote, as they did last Fall, in favour of freedom. A State Convention will meet at Columbus on the 13th July, when an Anti-Nebraska ticket will doubtless be formed; and if the canvass is fairly conducted, and the great questions at stake be fully placed before the people, there can be no doubt as to the result. The election this year will be an important one, as a Governor and other State officers are to be chosen, including a Supreme Judge, and a Legislature to serve for two years. Our business men are urgent for a revision of our Tax and Banking laws, and much will be asked and expected of our next General Assembly for the relief of our financial embarrassments, as far as legislation can be of use.

It is much to be regretted that a U. S. Senator was chosen by the last Legislature in place of S. P. Chase, but it is too late now to correct the evil. If the expression of public sentiment should be anything like as decided against the policy of the Pierce administration at the coming State election as it was at the last, Senator Pugh ought, upon every fair construction of Democratic principles, to resign his station in the Senate. With his present sentiments, he cannot fairly represent the State of Ohio.

The Annual Anti-Slavery Convention, supported for years past by the old and well-tried friends of the cause in this city and vicinity, meets here next week, and recent events in our midst, in connection with the general interest awakened in behalf of freedom in our new Territories, will make its discussions unusually interesting. There have been differences of opinion among those engaging in these Conventions, as to some of the measures to be pursued, but this is unavoidable where freedom of discussion is allowed, and the friends and opponents of political action meet on the same platform. These collisions of opinion do not prevent the most cordial union in opposition to slavery, and the support of determined efforts to hasten its downfall. These Conventions are useful, we might perhaps say *indispensable*, to the success of our enterprise, and the slaveholders know it. Nothing do they fear more than discussion and agitation. The more discussion, the more light; and the more light, the greater are the probabilities of the speedy overthow of the slave system and its various abominations.

A meeting was held, some weeks since, to make arrangements for calling an Anti-Slavery Convention of "Evangelical Christians," to meet in this place in May. A committee was appointed to issue a "call" for this Convention, which, if published, I have not yet seen. The evil of slavery is so gigantic that every sincere and earnest effort to do it away ought to be welcomed, and the world is so wide that there is room enough for men of every shade of opinion to work in the cause in the way they deem best. I doubt not you will commend everything done in this Convention showing an earnest desire to separate Church or State from slavery. Yours, P.

From our Kansas Correspondent.

Lawrence, K. T., April 7, 1855.

Messrs. Editors: In my last letter, I expressed the opinion that, ere long, something would occur here, of an anti-slavery character, worth relating to you. I am not quite sure whether or not I have given you the particulars of our famous fugitive slave case, which happened here four weeks ago, and resulted in our surrender to our liege lords of a poor woman, claimed by *nobody*, as a slave. She was pursued by three men, neither of whom pretended to have the least authority to seize her, only because she was black. Our people professed to believe that she was sent here by her master, to test our principles, and, accordingly, they refused to stand the test, and delivered her up. But, as I have written for the *Tribune* and *Liberator* the particulars of this case, I will say no more about it, only that it was a most disgraceful affair, in my estimation.

Our election returns have just been received from the Governor, as follows:

District.	Voters according to census.	Pro-Slavery vote.	Anti-Slavery vote.
1	466	900	273
2	212	317	12
3	193	598	17
4	442	683	156
5	253	343	—
6	201	396	142
7	247	478	—
8	215	234	68
9	208	411	—
10	468	1,129	65
Total	2,905	5,489	733

It is not supposed that many more than one-half of the voters in the Territory voted. Allowing that precisely one-half of the voters did not vote, and that one-half who did *not* vote are pro-slavery, then we have a majority of 33 votes. But three-fourths of the non-voters are Free State men, so that, at a moderate calculation, we have 1,822 anti-slavery voters to 1,083 pro-slavery voters. Besides this, many Free State men voted the pro-slavery ticket in the 5th, 7th and 9th districts, where the candidates professed both anti-slavery and pro-slavery; also some in this district, on account of Chapman's name being on the ticket. So that our strength is about three to one of the enemy. If the Missourians let us alone, then we shall yet be a free State, with the exception of a "black law," which will be about as bad as slavery. In Douglas, the anti-slavery ticket was headed as follows: "Free State Ticket (with no negroes, bond or free)."

Such is glorious Kansas! The Governor has granted certificates to nine Councilmen, all but one pro-slavery, and to sixteen Representatives, all pro-slavery. Three Councilmen and two Representatives are to be decided upon, after Gen. Cushing has been consulted. Eight Representatives are to be elected anew, among which are our three.

The Governor did not refuse certificates on account of the Missourians voting, but simply because the returns were not legally made out.

One of our Judges resigned soon after the opening of the polls. All three, appointed by the Governor, were Free State men, but two of them resigned, and their vacancies were filled by pro-slavery men, who decided that all on the ground had a right to vote. All who were required unblushingly took the oath that they were *bona fide* inhabitants of the Territory. One man told me he meant to buy ten cents' worth of dirt and put it inside his shoes, and then he could swear he owned land in Kansas. Another man owned that it was wrong, and that he ought not to have come, but he said they heard that the Emigrant Aid Company was sending out men from Boston to vote and then return, and they got excited about it.

The most of those here were as miserable a looking set of men as you could pick up in Ann street or the Five Points. They reminded me of the body-guard of Burns.

But I forget that I have joined the pro-slavery party, according to Dr. Robinson, and I must say no more against our side. The fact is, the South are much smarter than the Yankees, and I thought I might as well be with the talented ones as to associate any longer with the "d—d ignorant paupuses" sent out by the Emigrant Aid Company, as some of the Missourians termed us. One of their favourite war cries was, "hurra for hell." A wag standing by inquired of his friend if he could tell him "what part of Missouri that place was in?"

But it is of no use to multiply words in regard to this matter. The damning fact now stands out before the world that the Southerners are infernal scoundrels, from beginning to end. They raved in favour of "popular sovereignty," and, at the very first election, refused to allow us to choose our own rulers, but basely came into our Territory, armed with clubs, cannon, revolvers, rifles, bowie-knives, &c., threatened our lives, and then voted for us. All of 4,500 Southerners thus trampled under their hellish feet the laws of God and man, and held us in perfect slavery. We dare not say a word in condemnation of them. For simply writing that they looked like rascals, they pounced upon me, and would have torn me in pieces if their chief man had not protected me. The hoax played off on Sunday was the greatest joke of the season. All Lawrence was alive with excitement. We are a funny people here, even when in the midst of dangers.

Yours for the slave, C. Stearns.

Summary.

Anthony Burns is now engaged in lecturing in Massachusetts. His object is to get money to pay for an education.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was lately denied the use of a church in Norwalk to lecture in. It has caused considerable excitement.

There are 277 females who pay a tax of $6,000 and upwards in Boston. (Mrs. H. K. Hunt, who protested, on the ground that it was taxation without representation, pays $308 10.)

Daniel Webster's Carriage.—The carriage which the Hon. Daniel Webster used was sold at auction in Boston, by Mr. Riddle, on Saturday, for $17 50—a less sum than would have been realized for a good hand cart.

The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves, while it is considered correct for ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

Since the triumph of the retail No License Law in Texas, there has been a great increase in the demand for a substantial literature. Bookstores are springing into existence in all the principal towns of the State. Book agents and peddlers, it is said, are also doing a profitable business.

An "American Idea."—In Mill Creek township, Union County, Ohio, a young man named Simpson Price was felled to the ground and left for dead. He had abandoned the K. N. lodge in that place, and attended a Democratic meeting; for which "the supreme order" denounced him as a perjurer, and threatened him with vengeance.

Iowa.—The entire Republican State ticket is chosen in Iowa by majorities largely increased over those of last year. In 14 counties, the Republican ticket has 3,166 majority. Last year, the same counties gave a Republican majority of only 517. In these counties, the majority for the prohibitory liquor law is 3,635.

A Venerable Preacher.—The newspapers inform us that the Rev. Andrew Marshall, the coloured pastor of a Baptist church at Savannah, was 99 years of age on Christmas last, and on Sunday, the 8th of April, he preached a sermon, having among his hearers ex-Postmaster General Granger, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Choules, of Newport, R. I.

Senator Pugh.—We find this new Representative of Ohio volunteering to aid the kidnappers of Rosetta. Oh, what a falling off! Chase and Pugh meeting before the same Court—Chase as the noble champion of the oppressed, and Pugh as the amateur bloodhound, joining in the pursuit from the sheer love of the employment.

Progress of Woman.—At the late annual meeting of the 28th Congregational Society (Theodore Parker's), several ladies were elected as officers, thereby carrying out the doctrine so ably advocated by Mr. Parker, and firmly believed in by a large portion of that society, of the social equality of the race.—*Bost. Tel.*

The Maine Law in Illinois is to be voted on by the people the first Monday in June. A capital fund has been raised in Chicago by the liquor-dealers, and a campaign paper issued to oppose this wise and salutary measure. The new organ is entitled *The Anti-Prohibitionist*, and is circulated gratuitously throughout the State.

Last Friday evening, Joshua Hutchinson, one of the celebrated Hutchinson family, gave a concert in Airy Street Hall. He had a full house on short notice, thus attesting the well-merited popularity of this capital vocalist. Some of his songs are worth more and will do more good than lower law sermons. His most "radical" songs were most heartily applauded.—*Norristown, (Pa.) Olive Branch.*

Nebraska Vote Rewarded.—*The Portland State of Maine* reports that Moses McDonald is to be appointed disbursing officer during the completion of the new Custom-House of that city, with a compensation of $8 per day for his services. It has been a subject of comment, for some time, how Mr. McDonald would be provided for by the Pierce Administration for his vote in favour of Nebraska.

The Vermont State Prison is getting into a bad way. Owing to a great decrease of crime in the State, there are not convicts enough to pay current expenses, and the establishment, which has hitherto more than supported itself out of the labour of the prisoners, will now be a public charge. The Superintendent attributes this bad condition of things to the Maine Law of Vermont.

Prices of Chattels.—*The Charleston News*, of the 12th inst., reports that at an auction sale of the negroes of an assigned estate, sixteen of them, one a child, brought $16,970, or an average of about $1,000. They were, most of them, carpenters and family servants. One, a superior carpenter and plumber, 26 years of age, commanded $2,150. These prices are unusually high—so high, indeed, as to prove that the chattels are *almost* human.

Fugitive Slaves.—*The Detroit Democrat*, of the 16th, says that the Underground Railroad is doing a pretty extensive business: "We saw, yesterday morning, a party of eighteen fugitives from slavery passing down the street, on their way to Queen Victoria's dominions. Another party of fifteen is expected to arrive here to-morrow. The telegraph says they have thus far eluded the vigilant search of their masters."

Matrimonial Speculation.—A gentleman in Kelooshoo, Ark., was married to a young woman, and, after four months connubial felicity, was presented with a black baby. He called on his lawyer, related the circumstance, and asked his advice. "All right," said the man of the law, "let me have the papers, and you shall have a divorce instanter." "Oh, hang a divorce," replied the gentleman, "I only want to know if I can sell the cursed nigger!"

Col. Kinney is out with a new manifesto, in regard to his Central American projects. He is now organizing an association, in conjunction with Mr. Fabens, United States Commercial Agent at San Juan, called the Nicaragua Land and Mining Company, whose object is to settle upon certain lands granted by the Nicaraguan government, and to develop the resources of the country, without attempting the foundation of a new government. The Colonel, it is said, will leave New York, with a part of his colony, early in May.

We hear that Douglas is heartily sick of the practical operation of his marvellous invention, and damns Stringfellow & Co. with great unction. The silly Senator has invoked a devil, which will not go down at his bidding, and his credit for statesmanship is really in danger. The great squatter panacea has proved about as medicinal as prussic acid. But we are yet at the very beginning of the struggle. We may hereafter call upon our Southern friends to redeem the rash pledge of the *Platte Argus*; they may yet be obliged "to spill their blood."—*Boston Atlas.*

John Mitchel, the Irish exile, seems to be a favourite at the South just in an inverse ratio to the dislike entertained for him at the North. He is well received in the Southern cities wherever he goes, and has been invited to deliver addresses at a number of places. Among these is an invitation to deliver the commencement address before the two literary societies of the Mississippi University at Oxford. Of course this is all owing to his expressed wish for a plantation of "good, fat negroes in Alabama, to flog"; and as he has taken up his residence at the South, probably his wish may be realized in due time.—*Phil. North American.*

Escape of Slaves.—We learn, upon reliable authority, that, within the past few days, a number of slaves, from Kentucky, have escaped into this State, and are now on their way to Canada, via the underground railroad. Four belonged to Harvey Williamson, of Union County; five belonged to Joseph Harris, of Bracken County, and two were owned in Boone Co. They came to this city, by taking passage on a float down Licking River and thence to a point half a mile below Sedamsville, where they came on shore, and, by the aid of friends in this State, they got off to Canada. Messrs. Williamson and Harris were in the city yesterday, in search of their slaves, and went up the railroad last evening in pursuit of them.—*Cin. Gaz.*

Police Court, Washington City, April 12.—*Before Morsell and Birch.*—Frances Penny, a young coloured girl, was sent to the workhouse for 30 days, for using the most shocking and profane language.

But such language may be heard daily along Pennsylvania Avenue, and in "the best society." To swear by the Creator or Saviour, or to belch forth impressions upon other people, or upon one's own soul, is graceful in educated white gentlemen, but a prison-offence in an ignorant negro girl. So it has ever been, both before and since the grave digger to the King of Denmark descanted upon the impunity with which your gentle folk may hang or drown themselves!—*National Era.*

Seeing the Elephant.—Passengers who travel by the New York and New Haven cars have a grand chance of "seeing the elephant." Going from New York, the cars pass the farm of P. T. Barnum, a mile or so before reaching Bridgeport, Ct. On that farm and in plain view from the railroad, an elephant may be seen, every pleasant day, attached to a large plough, and doing up the "sub-soiling" in first-rate style, at the rate of about three distinct double-horse teams. The animal is perfectly tractable. His attendant rides him, while a coloured man guides the plough. The elephant is also used for carting large loads of gravel in a cart arranged purposely for him, and in drawing stone on a stone-boat or drag, in piling up wood, timber, &c., and in making himself generally useful.—*Tribune.*

Homes for Indian Boys and Girls.—Our readers have no doubt felt an interest in the Indian boys and girls which have been in the care of the Rev. S. J. May, of this city, who has been desirous of obtaining good homes for them in the families of worthy farmers. We are happy to state that his efforts in their behalf have been successful. He has succeeded in obtaining good homes for ten; and he informs us that the families in which they are placed are all very worthy; and he feels very confident of success. One or two of these children were put out more than a year since, and their progress has been exceedingly gratifying. Mr. May is of opinion that more can be accomplished for them in this way than in any other. He believes that by instructing them in the duties of the household and husbandry, a spirit of industry will be aroused, which will do more for their elevation than anything else. We believe his opinion will be sanctioned by experience; and we think he is entitled to great credit for his unselfish labours in behalf of the poor remnant of this "fading race." His duties in obtaining homes for these children have been very laborious, and he is entitled to the gratitude of all lovers of humanity for the manner in which he has discharged them.—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

Col. Benton has addressed a letter to the *National Intelligencer*, in which he avers, upon competent testimony, that there is no war with the Indians on the frontier; that the arming of the new regiments is merely a pretext for preparations against Cuba. On his late visit to St. Louis, he made enquiries among the fur traders, men of the first respectability, who have large capitals embarked in the trade, and they all assured him there was no war and no likelihood of a war on the Upper Missouri or North Platte; that they had been carrying on their trade as usual without the least apprehension of hostilities. They deprecated the preparations for war as being ruinous to their business, and unjust to the Indians, who are peaceable and harmless.

A Test of Faith.—Prof. Park, of Andover Theological Seminary, speaking of the moral sentiments of mankind, utters this striking language: "These universal feelings provide us with a *test* for our faith. Whenever we find, my brethren, that the words which we proclaim do not strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the choice men and women who look to us for consolation, when they do not stir the depths of our own souls, reach down to hidden wants and evoke our best sensibilities; or when they make an abiding impression that the divine government is harsh, pitiless, insincere, oppressive, devoid of sympathy with our most refined sentiments, reckless of even the most delicate emotions of the tenderest nature—then we may infer that we have left out of our theology some element which we should have inserted, or brought into it some element which we should have discarded. Somewhere it must be wrong!"

Household Manufactures.—A correspondent is needlessly perplexed by the Census Returns showing a preponderance of "*Home-Made* Manufactures" in the Southern over those of the Northern States—$18,631,054 per annum in the former to $8,853,090 in the latter. He does not seem to know that the term "Home-Made" in these Returns means household—or, in other words, designates textile fabrics produced in the now antiquated and tedious, but once universal, mode—by hand-spinning—which have almost wholly been discarded at the North, while they are still retained in the slaveholding economy of the South. The Manufactures of the North are many times more valuable than those of the South; but they are produced by the aid of steam, water, or other power, ten times as rapidly and three times as economically as those of the South. We presume this explanation, though brief, is sufficient.—*Tribune.*

Gov. Reeder's visit to Washington, it is supposed, is to ask the aid of the Administration in enforcing the laws of the United States, and in protecting the people of Kansas from the citizens of Missouri, who come over the line to control the elections, and return next day without any intention of settling. This appeal only shows the Governor's ignorance of that doctrine of "popular sovereignty," which does not mean that the people shall have a right to select their own form of Government—no such absurdity—but only that slavery shall be fastened upon a Territory whether the people want it or not. If people do not know that slavery is the "corner stone of our republican institutions," and that the great object of our Government is to strengthen and extend slavery, they are too dull to be convinced by argument, and can only be expected to yield to the practical testimony of illegal voting, supported by bowie-knives and revolvers.—*Prov. Journal.*

Gov. Reeder, of Kansas.—In relation to the remarks of *The Banner* of yesterday morning on the conduct of "the Governor of Kansas," we remark that the Proclamation of Gov. Reeder for an election in that State was issued on the 26th February, and the election was held on the 30th March. There was, therefore, more than "*sixteen* days'" notice of it; there was *thirty-two* days' notice. We were informed by Gen. Whitfield, the Delegate from Kansas, when he was in this city a week or two ago, that the President directed the Governor of Kansas to hold the election in March, at the request of himself (Gen. W.) of the citizens of Kansas wished the election to be held before the Spring emigration of the Abolition Emigration Societies arrived. We have before us a copy of Gov. Reeder's proclamation ordering the election. In relation to the qualification of voters, he only recites the law. We have been disposed to regard Gov. Reeder's conduct with suspicion. But the evidence in our possession entirely disproves the charges

Miscellaneous Department.

A VERY LITTLE TOWN.

We live (my aunt and I) in a very little town somewhere, through which, once upon a time, ninety stage-coaches daily passed to London, and where now hardly one public conveyance of any sort is ever seen; where, once upon a time, the great big inn was kept by a great big landlord (as I have heard), who received some very great people at his door; where post-horses were kept, and where carriages and four were quite a common sight; but where now there is nothing but emptiness and solitude. The great inn yard-gate grows rusty on its hinges, and the stable windows are all broken, dirty and full of cobwebs; the inn-door is closely padlocked, and all its windows are black and bare, as if every one inside were dead and all the linen had been sent to the wash. The sign of the British Lion, standing erect on one hind leg, like a ballet-dancer, threatens to fall from its supporters every windy night; so does the great kitchen chimney; and moss grows on the hearth-stones in the great big bed-rooms, with the great big beds in which the very great people slept, once upon a time.

There are many other deserted houses near, with shutters always closed; dull, blank, melancholy looking buildings, like faces with sightless eyes; and the road is very quiet, and knows business, fashion, pleasure, no more. The stream of prosperity and patronage has turned, and flows now to the nearest railway station, leaving nothing to our very little town but the remembrance of the past. In short, we have gone through the rise and fall which are said to be proper to all human affairs and empires, with the utmost neatness and propriety, and having now accomplished the business and subsided into insignificance, we hope to be left to follow our own little devices in peace, without interference from fashion or modern improvements.

Like most other dwellers in the country, we can find no more important occupation than that of fighting and quarrelling with each other about everything or nothing. Of course, the most fruitful sources of a disagreement are our pets. Only last week my aunt fell out with Miss Brooks because her large dog was inconveniently taken ill in the sitting-room at tea-time; and the very week before that, a tea years' friendship between Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter was interrupted by a dispute concerning the propriety of giving castor-oil to sick canaries. Indeed, sometimes when the village has been particularly dull and stagnant, I have had serious thoughts of requesting my aunt to keep a pig, or some other obnoxious animal, for the express purpose of giving rise to a little pleasing excitement in the way of annoyance to our neighbours, quarrels, misunderstandings, and reconciliations. Why, for two whole years our village had no other amusement than watching and commenting on a dispute between Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Carter concerning a cow! This is the truth of the story: Mr. Tomkins had a favourite Alderney cow—a very pretty little creature, and Mr. Carter had a favourite fence, a cross-barred fanciful affair, in which he took great pride and delight. When the cow first appeared in Mr. Tomkins's field, Mr. Carter took an amazing fancy to it, admired it quite extravagantly, thought it an ornament to the view from his windows, allowed it even to come sometimes into his own little paddock, and there let it wander about at its own sweet will. One summer, however, it grew suddenly bold; would be found sitting in flower-beds; once put its head in at the dining-room window; would take a walk on the lawn, and once or twice attempted to eat the creeping plants on a summer-house, which it converted, Mr. Carter said, into a highly picturesque ruin. He particularly admired it when it rubbed itself against one especial tree with a background of sunset; he said it gave an Arcadian character to his grounds. Until one day—one fatal day—he found his beautiful cross-barred fence broken-down in two places. Every man in the village was accused, and every woman, and every boy, and, last of all, Mr. Carter's own gardener was accused, and indeed I think he was the culprit, but he had always cherished a peculiar hatred to the cow, and so laid the blame upon it—and instantly Mr. Carter (by a sort of inspiration, he said), was convinced and hated it too. He began to see that there was a deep design of annoyance in the whole matter; that the cow had been trained to break down cross-barred fences, and had destroyed his in accordance with its master's express orders and commands. It was immediately declared to be a nuisance, a mischievous creature; all its misdeeds, which had been formerly of no consequence, were magnified into murder—and every time the wretched creature was seen trespassing even on the outskirts of Mr. Carter's hedges and ditches, he became dreadfully excited. He was continually confounding the poor cow, and chasing it, and making everybody else chase it; and at last, overcome by a feeling of injured innocence and insulted dignity, he wrote a grand epistle to Mr. Tomkins, demanding in the most exalted language that the cow should be tied by the leg, or otherwise confined to its master's own grounds. It was indeed a very fine piece of composition, all about the scales of justice, and what the Romans did or would have done under similar circumstances; and Mr. Carter was very proud of it, and felt sure it would quite annihilate both Mr. Mr. Tomkins and his cow. It remained unanswered for a week, and then Mr. Tomkins wrote a short note, to the effect that if Mr. Carter did n't like the cow in his grounds he had better turn it out. Next day Mr. Carter watched all the morning for Mr. Tomkins, and seeing him at last in the distance, put on his hat and sallied forth with crossed arms and a fierce countenance and went to meet him, on purpose to cut him dead. After that, Mr. Tomkins would never meet Mr. Carter, and Mr. Carter would never meet Mr. Tomkins at our tea-parties; and whenever they met accidentally they never saw each other in the least. We ladies were very nervous when these tremendous encounters took place, and the excitement of them lasted a whole week.

There are some few philosopher amongst us, however, who do not fight about their pets; but these are our poorer neighbours, who have something else to do and to think about. One of them, indeed—old Mrs. Hill—is quite a noted philosopher, and many a lesson on forgiveness of injuries and contentment have I received from her. She lives in a cottage of her own, in a large orchard, at the end of a very crooked path; and whenever you go there, you find it in a state of the greatest disorder and confusion; and Mrs. Hill always says, "Oh, ma'am! if you had but come to-morrow! I was just going to clean up, and put things tidy."

She is an old, old woman. Such a face she has! All hideous with wrinkles and loss of teeth. I believe she was once handsome, and she has still a fine upright figure, and lively blue eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Hill," said I this morning, "and how is Tibby to-day?"

"Thank you, miss, she's much better. She'd a very good night."

"Has she recovered her appetite?"

"Yes, miss, she eat a good breakfast. I give her the gruel as you sent me, and I hope as she'll soon be out again. Do you know, miss, she's the forty-second black cat as has been born in our house?"

"Really?"

"Yes, miss, and she's quite a companion to me when my husband's away. She goes out with me every morning when I takes my husband to his work, and comes back with me, she do!"

"Does your husband still work for Mr. Carter?"

"Yes, miss, he do; it's rather hard for him now; it's a long way, you see, and he don't like leaving his old home."

I looked at the wretched little tumble-down cottage, and said, "You are a very happy couple!"

"Thank the Lord, that we are! I am up every morning between four and five, and get my husband's breakfast ready, and that's a recommendation for the young ladies, miss, if you'll excuse me. He don't come home from work till late, and then there's supper to be got, and we're not in bed till ten, for there's all the little arrangements to make for next morning. I put the things ready for breakfast and for lighting the fire; that's my post; I always light the fire."

"And you are always in good health?"

"The best of health, miss, praise the Lord; and a week after Lord Mayor's Day was two years, I shall be eighty years old. As I said to a lady the other day, miss—

Thirty years I was a maid, fifty years I've been a wife.
If I live twenty more, it will be time to end my life.

She gave me half a pound of tea directly, miss, from King's shop, close here."

You cunning old thing, thought I. "Well," I said, "you are contented, and contentment is wisdom."

"Thank you, miss—oh, yes—if we're only happy in Heaven, it don't matter here." And in this consoling belief I left her.

Our other philosopher is old Dale, the shepherd—a man without a nose, who spends half his days and nights out of doors, gazing at a flock of sheep. He hails passers-by over a hedge sometimes, and holds conversations with them about his two favourite subjects—Solomon and the weather. With a sheepskin on his back, his crook in his hand, and his dog at his heels, he looks very picturesque leaning over a fence to talk to his friends. The first time he addressed me I was rather startled.

"Beg your pardon, mum," he cried; "very cloudy weather."

"Very cloudy indeed."

"A good deal of wind, too, mum."

"You must find it very cold standing about in the fields all day," said I.

"Bless you, mum, I be used to it, I be. Lord, I stands here reading all day. You see, mum, I learnt myself. Yes, mum; I never had a day's schooling, but a lady she gave me a Bible thirty years ago, and I couldn't read a word of it, but I learnt myself. I've got it now, mum, and a fine Bible it is, but, you see, I can't put it in my pocket, and I ain't got time to read at home; but in the fields—Lord, mum! I knows it all as well—look here, mum," he said, pulling out his blue-check pocket-handkerchief, in which an old Bible was carefully wrapped up, and leaning on the fence, marking his words with a certain emphatic motion of his right hand; "here is Solomon, mum. Well, he warn't no great shakes, not he. How many wives had he? Three hundred. Yes, mum, three hundred, and seven hundred other sort. He warn't a man after God's own heart, like David. No, mum, no; there was a deal o' difference between 'em. And what was it as led Solomon's heart astray? Aye, mum—what was it? Why it was the woman-folk! Ah, yes! the woman-folk, it was. Yes, mum, yes—the woman-folk. He warn't a man as temptation couldn't reach. He were easy hagged on. No great shakes, mum—no, no."

I had heard that old Dale was not at all under female rule—being, indeed, rather addicted to beating his wife on Sundays and other holidays, by way of agreeable recreation to all parties—so I was not surprised by his scorn of Solomon, though I confess he took a view of the subject which had never occurred to me before. I have disputed the matter two or three times with him, endeavouring to convince him of the advantages consequent upon following the example of Solomon's complaisance to ladies (so far as not beating them goes), but I fear without much effect. Nevertheless he looks quite romantic, leaning on a sheep-fold in the midst of his flock, conning his Bible; with the near horizon behind him and the darkening sky above, across which black and stormy clouds are sailing.

The gaieties of our very little town are usually of a very simple kind—being merely small tea parties, the principal amusement of which consists in eating and drinking. The fashionable dinner hour is five—so that we take tea at seven, and, if we are careful to be a long while over it, as soon as we have finished, it is time for refreshments; and then, before we walk home, of course we must take something strengthening and comfortable in the way of supper. This being the usual state of affairs, it may easily be imagined what great and delightful excitement was produced the other morning by the appearance of a long printed bill on all the genteelest breakfast tables in the place, announcing, in the very largest and blackest capitals, that a Mr. Dulby would that evening deliver, in the national school-room, by leave of the Reverend John Holdenough (our rector), a lecture on astronomy and on ecclesiastical architecture; and also exhibit dissolving views of an immense and choice variety of objects. No event of equal importance had occurred for at least two years, and the sensation was consequently tremendous. Our establishment (one maid) came up in a body, and asked leave—with humble words, but a very resolute appearance—to go to the show; and, in half an hour more, all our most particular friends were gathered around us, discussing the propriety of granting this request, and of ourselves joining in such an unusual piece of dissipation. At last, it was agreed that we should go at once to the school-house and make inquiries of Mr. Long the master; and that, if we found it was to be all quite correct and proper, we should engage good places for ourselves and servants.

We found Mr. Long full of bustling importance on the occasion—quite ready to answer, and, indeed, expecting inquiries about Mr. Dulby. He said that Lady Harrow had graciously been pleased to notify her intention of honouring the evening's entertainment with her presence, and that many other persons of less dignity had followed her ladyship's example; also, that reserved seats must be paid for at the rate of one shilling each, but that the others were to be had for sixpence. We were also informed that Mr. Dulby was actually to use the room rent free, on condition of his admitting twelve of the eldest school children without payment. This appeared to me rather an Irish way of paying no rent, but I was instantly put down by the rest of the party, who were loud in their admiration of this liberal arrangement, for which they hoped poor Mr. Dulby would be eternally grateful. The report we took home to my aunt (a maiden lady of strict principles), was so satisfactory that she rang for Lucy, and, in a solemn address, gave her full permission to go to Mr. Dulby's improving entertainment, warning her, however, against the dangers of late hours and dissipated acquaintances, and hinting mysteriously at the thorough knowledge she would have of all her proceedings, although she herself would not be present. The fact is, we are rather afraid Lucy has a lover, and, as it would be impossible to imagine what would become of us if she were to leave us, we are very careful to prevent interviews. My aunt has brought up Lucy on purpose for herself, and she knows all our ways—understands curling my aunt's wigs, and never talks about them in the village—and submits to our sumptuary laws against flounces and artificial flowers. She is, unfortunately, a good-looking girl, very neat and pleasant in her general appearance, and possessed of a natural talent for being fallen in love with, which she cultivates with extraordinary industry; and she never omits an opportunity of making herself agreeable in conversation to the other sex. Not that she is silent with us, however, for she has always a great deal of interesting matter to talk about. Every morning when she comes into my room, as the clock strikes six in summer and seven in winter, I know whether there is any news going about, for whenever that is the case, she makes rather more clatter with the blinds and the crockery than is quite indispensable, in order to attract my attention and induce me to speak (she being far too respectful to begin a conversation herself), and, as I understand the signal now, I say quite naturally, whenever the jugs and basins knock together more than usual, "Well, Lucy, what is it?" Then comes the exciting intelligence: "Oh! ma'am, Mrs. Hore have got another little boy at five this morning, and I see all the clothes in the tub at ten last night;" or else, "If you please, miss, farmer Lane's fatted turkey 's fell off its roost in a fit;" or, "Mr. Tomkins's dun cow, ma'am, her with the white face, have got a calf—such a pretty little dear, with the longest legs ever you see." In short, before I am up, I know everything of importance that has occurred since yesterday.

On Sundays, Lucy adorns herself as gorgeously as she can without breaking the law already mentioned against flowers and flounces. She puts on a dress of some material bearing a strong resemblance to silk; also a cap of decidedly townified and pert appearance. It is generally made of lace, is much cut away at the ears, and sticks up a little behind, where it is embellished with a bow of some smart coloured ribbon—once, I grieve to say, it was yellow! I am much afraid she has a strong taste for the vanities of fashion, for sometimes, when I have gone up to bed earlier than usual, and have caught her bringing up my hot water, or brushing my aunt's night wig, I have fancied that I perceived actually a polka on her shoulders, and a beautiful diamond brooch made of glass (really very like real stones, only prettier), under her chin. At such times she glides away with remarkable celerity, and when she reappears these vanities are no longer to be seen. I suspect, therefore, that she dresses more finely for kitchen company than for ours. Certainly the polka and the brooch must be levelled at somebody, and when we have been coming home from church we have sometimes seen her standing in a pensive attitude at the corner of the road by our house, with a gentleman in groom's livery at her side—he evidently pretending to be devoted, and looking extremely smitten. But the door is close by, so this vision soon disappears. I have asked Lucy, in the most innocent manner I can devise, who the man is—but she gives me only the rather vague information that he is somebody she knows. I do my best to save her, and to persuade her to be an old maid like my aunt, who often harangues her on the advantages of single blessedness, and, indeed, takes advantage of every opportunity to warn her against the well-known miseries of marriage and deceitfulness of men; but Lucy only laughs and says, "yes, miss," and "certainly, miss;" and once she said "she did not think all men could be so very hopstreperous," which I am afraid is a bad sign. It was not, therefore, without anxiety that we sent her, although under chaperonage, to the evening's lecture.

No one who walked through our very little town that evening had ever before seen it in such a disturbed condition. Mr. King, the butcher and shoemaker, had put two candles in his window, and Miss Pink, the bonnet and apple-shop—our Howell and James—the same. We overtook a crowd of four people and no less than one spring-van from Ryton, our post-town; and in the school-room we found every seat, except those reserved for ourselves, occupied. The children and the Ryton shopkeepers and nursery-gardeners were ranged on benches; and in front of them were the village gentry, seated on chairs more or less provided with backs and weak in the legs. There was something quite awful in the artificially-produced darkness of the room, and the subdued murmur of whispered conversation, and the certainty that Lady Harrow and her party were sitting in all their grandeur somewhere in the gloom. A large sheet was stretched across the further end of the room, from floor to ceiling, bearing decorations of honour for long service, in the shape of every variety of darn; and on this Mr. Long directed us to fix our expectant gaze. Just as we were beginning to grow a little tired of that amusement, we heard a faint clapping of hands from the back benches, and on looking again more attentively at the sheet, we perceived a pale shadow upon it, which Mr. Dulby was kind enough to tell us was intended to represent the earth, adding the information that its shape is circular. He then proceeded to prove this assertion, which he did in such an ingenious way as made me feel more than doubtful whether the earth really is round after all; indeed, when he ceased speaking, my impression was that the earth is certainly square. Then came the moon, which Mr. Dulby said he had every reason to believe was inhabited; and then appeared the sun, with the planets circling round it in a rather unsteady manner—like a ghost on the stage or a lame person in private life. Hereupon, Mr. Dulby requested us to observe the skill with which those heavenly bodies avoid knocking their heads together, observing in this respect, he said, a sort of "courtly a ticket"—probably meaning etiquette. This allusion to high life was received with great favour: a murmur of applause arose. Then came the ecclesiastical architecture, in the shape of a very faint vanishing view of the temple of Jerusalem; and this ended the business part of the show. Then we saw visions of old gentlemen with red noses, having their gouty toes trodden on by their worthless grandchildren, and others supposed to be comical figures, which called forth bursts of laughter from the younger part of the audience. At this vulgar stage of the proceedings, the occupants of the chairs arose and prepared to depart. Only those people who were indifferent to public opinion remained after that. We were not of the number, and so came away at once. Lucy was thus left to her own devices; and as I quitted the room I thought I saw a gold hat-band close to her bonnet, glimmering in the light of the two tallow-candles Mr. Long had lighted for the accommodation of Lady Harrow. My aunt was very nervous, and stood in the passage with her watch in her hand until Lucy came in, and I am almost sure I saw another shadow besides that of her chaperon gliding away from our door when I closed it. I am afraid it was injudicious to let her go. I do hope we may not soon be obliged to look out for a new maid—and yet I fear. However, Lucy waited upon us very collectedly and with an unconscious face that same evening at tea (for we gave a party in honour of the occasion), so perhaps it is only a false alarm, after all. That party brought forth some very important results. Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Carter, finding that the lecture had started a new subject of conversation, and that their dispute was no longer an object of interest and attention, made themselves remarkable in another way by shaking hands and swearing eternal friendship over our hot supper; and Miss Brooks and my aunt shed a few tears of reconciliation privately in a corner, where Miss Brooks was putting on a shawl. Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter also patched up a peace (but, I fear, a hollow one), on the canary question; and when they left, the whole party voted my aunt and me, dear comfortable creatures. Indeed, Miss Carter, who has a serious turn, and is fond of a little something warm to drink, began to talk about the sinfulness of human nature; and, in short, they all went away in the highest spirits, declaring that they had never spent such an instructive and pleasant evening in all their life before.—*Dickens Household Words.*

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

[From Blackwood's Magazine, for March.]

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Towards the end of the last century, a gentleman was walking homewards, in the city of Bristol, when he was accosted by a beggar in the street, in these words: "Sir, I have been looking about for a gentleman to whom I might with confidence address myself and tell my wants. I think I have found him in you." Here, the reader will be at once ready to say—"What an accomplished beggar! this flattery was not learnt in a day." Reader if such be your thought, you are mistaken. I verily believe that this was the first day in his life that this poor old man, for old he was, begged, but you shall hear further the nature of his "beggar's petition." It is, however, needful that you know something of him, to whom the petition was made. That person was in appearance, what he was thoroughly in character, a *gentleman;* never had any one a kinder, a more generous heart. He was acquainted with the world through intercourse with society, and through extensive literature. He was a ripe scholar, and a man of refined taste. He has been dead more than forty years, yet has the writer of this narrative a remembrance of him never to be erased, for it is made perfect and sanctified by filial veneration, founded upon a rare excellence. Further description would be painful, it would be like the breaking into a sanctuary, and exposing sacred things. If I have given the beggar's words, it is because the whole scene was vividly detailed to me by so truthful an authority. The beggar paused—I know not the reply. After a while he continued, "I am alone in the world, have lost wife and children, my two sons were killed at Bunker's Hill. I have nothing to live for. I want a place to die in. I ask for a pass to St. Peter's Hospital. I think you can obtain it for me." He did not ask for money, but for a place to die in. Such an address as this was sure to move the person to whom it was made. He replied—that the hospital which the man desired was a wretched place, a receptacle for the lowest paupers. "You seem to have seen better days. You would be miserable there. I should be loth to obtain for you that which you desire. You have certainly seen better days." "I have," replied the beggar, for such I shall continue to call him. "I have been a painter—but am now old, and alone, and only want where to end my life." "I must have a further talk with you. Call at my house at ——. In the meanwhile take wherewith to supply your immediate wants, and don't forget to call upon me." And the time was fixed. The man received with hesitation the gift, and they separated. The beggar called at the appointed time, and often repeated his visits. More and more the gentleman became interested in him—was pleased with his conversation—desired him to wait till he could do something better for him—begged him to accept a weekly sum for his maintenance, until he could be better provided for. How long this weekly cleemosynary support continued I am not able to say, whether months, a year, or even years. The result was a comfortable location in the "Merchants' Alms-House," where, with, I have no doubt, some other monthly aids delicately given, the old man enjoyed some years of tranquility. He said he had been a painter. It was a happy coincidence in this his latter fortune, that he addressed himself to one to whom a scarcely better recommendation could have been offered; for he was passionately fond of the arts, and was himself practically an amateur. The old man must have had an eventful life, for at one time he had been a mariner. There was a book of many events, many cares, many thoughts, and much gathered observation, visibly written in his countenance. He was a painter. I will describe his portrait as it is now before me—painted by himself, and very well painted, too, in his Alms-House dress.

THE BEGGAR'S PORTRAIT.

First, as to his dress. On his head is a faded red velvet cap, much like that seen in the portraits of authors in Queen Anne's time; a gown of green cloth, somewhat coarse, hangs in loose folds round his person; round the neck a plain white cravat, tied rather slovenly. As to features, the shape of the face is square, but within that squareness is a rounded fulness; the features might somewhat resemble those of Hogarth, but the eyes are not so large, the nose not quite so curt, the mouth more compressed, and there is more of decision in the length and firmness of the jaw than in Hogarth. The forehead is broad and open, and more prominent than in the satiric painter, the brow less arched, the eyes remarkably keen and observant. In character, excepting in the point of observation, the resemblance to Hogarth is lost, for there is no expression of combativeness. It is mild, inquiring, experienced, and meditative upon experiences. You would pronounce him a naturalist, as I believe he was. This experienced look is very striking—visible in his eyes and mouth; you might apply to him what was said of Ulysses—take the Latin version of Horace:

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Men, their manners, and their cities, he had seen; but what men and manners? There is nothing of the Grecian hero in his countenance. There is the impression of the world he had seen—not in its best phase of manners, but in its coarser nature; and though there is gentleness, kindness, in the aspect, it is without its polish—its varnish. It pictures much that he had felt as well as much that he had seen. It is no ideal, but a commonplace portrait of one whom, at first, most people would call a commonplace man, for it would be difficult to class him of a high grade. But I doubt if it were in a gallery, and seen a second time, if it would not arrest attention, and something singular be seen in it. There is certainly an indication of that wandering disposition I have before spoken of, as of a gentle, scarcely perceptible, unsoundness; but much of this was lost in the look of keen observation which the whole countenance had acquired. I have looked at the portrait so often that I find it one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I see a strangeness written in many lineaments—the exact character of which I cannot describe; and it is the more strange on that account: sensible, shrewd, inquisitive, patient, unimpassioned—as one cognizant of other men's doings and thoughts—uncommunicative of his own. In age he looks not so old in the picture as I remember him. Do I then remember him? it may be asked. Perfectly—and why not? Often, when a boy, have I seen this beggar at his benefactor-friend's table—at the table of a man of polished manners, a scholar, and of refined taste—where he was ever welcomed, unexceptionable as was his whole demeanour, unembarrassed, entertaining, quiet, modest, not from any imposed restraint, but from the sterling, true, simple manliness of his nature. I have described him as I remember him, and as I see him now in his portrait, painted by his own hand, the size of life.

I have mentioned the pleasant, and I may say friendly intercourse between him and his benefactor (*which* deserves best the name of benefactor may yet be seen). It happened that some weeks passed without his making his appearance as was his wont. This created uneasiness—a confidential servant was sent to the alms-house to inquire the cause of our old guest absenting himself. This servant found him ill in his bed, and in a dying state, and one of those human fiends one sometimes reads of, an unfeeling old nurse-tender, was stealing the sheets from under him. The old man was able to express great satisfaction at the arrival of good Benjamin, such was the servant's—name. He was glad he had come, for he was desirous to make his will. To make his will!—what could such a one have to bequeath? However, he did make his will, in a few words bequeathing to his patron-friend whatever he might die possessed of. That was his death-bed.

Before this event he had one day asked his benefactor if he had ever seen his journal—he would bring it to him. It may have been opened, or not, I cannot say; it may have been considered a mere sailor's journal, and not read. At the old man's death what was the property? I think I have heard not less than a couple of hundred volumes of books. The MS. "Penrose's Journal," a MS. volume of Lives of Painters, collected by the deceased; some volumes of transcribed poetry; portraits of his two wives, and of himself—that which is now before me, and which I have described. Wherein lay the value of such a legacy? It will be presently seen. The affectionate interest in the old man's memory naturally led to a remembrance of his journal—MS. entitled "Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman."* I have not before advertised the reader that the old man's name was not Penrose, but Williams. I pass on to the narrative. The journal was read, and I well remember with what delight, by every member of the family; and such was its deep interest that I am able to tell an anecdote not very much to my own credit, however it may speak well for the tale of the journal. I was then a boy; I had not finished the manuscript when the last day of my holidays arrived. It is too true, but I must confess it, I *contrived* the next morning to be too late for the coach which was to have conveyed me many miles from home. I was thus able to finish the story. And what is this story? it may be asked. That is a question I doubt if I should answer. Is it true or a fiction? I can no more tell than any one else who may read it. I can only say, if not true, it is a most ingenious invention, and I should add, that many dates and events spoken of incidentally in the journal have been inquired into and examined and found correct. But it will be seen, ere I close this account, that one person, who had previously known this "beggar," did believe the story, and asserted that he knew some of the circumstances to have been in the old man's former life. His former life? Then who was he? whence did he come? what had been his life? What was known about him before he came to Bristol, for the strange purpose of dying in the hospital of paupers? The man who could paint such portraits as his own, and of his deceased wives, it might be thought, might have gained his living. And then his books—where were they when he thus sought this miserable refuge, and place of death? Natural questions. No doubt he might have maintained himself. Perhaps there was a delusion in his mind that he could not—from that strange cause that I have attributed to that little wandering which becomes the characteristic of some minds, in which misfortune and remembrances that must be shunned have unsettled everything, excepting that root of sanity from which common thoughts and common reasonings and usages of life daily and mechanically proceed.

Certainly no one, in any conversation with him, would for a moment have doubted his perfect sanity; never did he show any tangible symptom—never, that I have ever heard, any delusion. If there was one, it was deeply imbedded and out of sight, and no outward spring was visible, or ever touched, that caused a vibration. Perhaps I am wrong in this slightest intimation of a suspicion. But he had been a wanderer; and I have shown my theory, which must be accepted as a general theory. I leave the reader to apply it or reject it, and in any degree, to the individual subject of this memoir.

His patron, whom I should now rather name the legatee, was so much interested in the narrative of Penrose's Journal, that he copied in his own handwriting the whole of it, and had it well bound with blank leaves for illustration of some of its incidents. His friend Nicholas Pocock, the celebrated marine painter, and subsequently Edward Bird, R.A., made drawings for the book. I was present whenever the latter was at work. The book is now in my sight, with others that belonged to the old man, on my book-shelves. But now, to answer the question as to some further accounts of this old man. As yet no trace of him had been discovered previous to his coming to Bristol. But though unknown at the time, there was one man, and probably one man only, who could give any information respecting him. And here I cannot but remark how very curious are coincidences. It was a fortunate coincidence that, on his coming to Bristol, he addressed that particular person, most likely to rescue him from the miserable situation he sought—most likely to appreciate his character, to have a sympathy in his tastes and pursuits—most likely to preserve even the little library he had collected, and to value his manuscripts. With this coincidence everything would, in all probability, have been scattered, utterly lost, and the old man have died miserably. There would have been no legacy, and "Penrose's Journal" would never have seen the light. And here it occurs to mention another coincidence—one out of the many that make truth appear more strange than fiction; and which might well cause a suspicion, now and hereafter, to be thrown upon this simple statement I am making. Indeed I know that, though I have so distinctly asserted, and now most distinctly assert, the contrary, this work, "Penrose's Journal," has been given to me as its author; and that which I am about to narrate has been treated as a fiction, allowable in novel-making, and as patent an invention as a preface to the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*, or any of the numerous literary impositions which usually amuse the world.

Having so copied out fairly and illustrated this journal of "Penrose, a Seaman," years after the old man's death the copier and legatee, being at his lodgings in London, had taken the manuscript with him. One day, when he was not within, Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, called called upon, and waited his return. On the drawing-room table was the book. Mr. West opened it, and, having to wait a considerable time, amused himself by reading a good portion. When the gentleman returned, to his surprise Mr. West acquainted him that he knew the author. I find among some papers a memorandum made at the time of this interview with Mr. West, of which I here give the substance—no, I will rather transcribe the memorandum, dated 10th July, 1805: "He (Mr. West) dipped into Penrose's Journal, and read several pages in different parts. I was from home when he came, but returned time enough to give him an account of the author. He seemed very attentive to my history of Williams, and put several questions to me. He said every answer I gave tended to confirm his opinion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have looked at several parts of this book, and much that I have seen I know to be true. I know the man, too; and what is more extraordinary, had it not been for him, I never should have been a painter. It happened thus. I had a relation at Philadelphia, of the name of Pennington, whom I used frequently to visit while there. I saw a person carrying a picture, a landscape, the first, I believe, I had ever seen. I was very much struck with it, and desired him to show it to me. He did; and asked me if I was fond of painting? and, if I was, desired me to come to his house, and he would show me other things. I saw there some cattle-pieces, admired them, and inquired how he could paint them so accurately? He said he would show me the secret; and took a small box, which proved to be a camera. He showed me the construction of it. I went home, and was not at rest till I had made one for myself; and my father gave me the glass out of an old pair of spectacles to complete it. My delight was then to go into the farmyards, and, by means of my camera, draw the cattle, &c. I knew that Williams had seen many of the things he describes in the journal; and he gave me the same account of them. He first lent me *The Leaves of the Painters,** which lighted up a fire in my breast which has never been extinguished, and confirmed my inclination for the art. On my return from Italy, I sent to my friends in America, as a remembrance of me, my picture, which I had painted whilst abroad. I received a letter from Williams, for that was his name, with a complimentary copy of verses, in which he was pleased to flatter me very highly; but, what is more extraordinary, the lines may be considered as prophetic of my future success in life, which they anticipate. I have his letter and verses by me now somewhere. I take it, he adopted the name Penrose from a great shipbuilder of that name, who was a great friend of his; it being very common for sea-faring men to adopt the names of their particular friends, instead of their own. Williams afterwards came to England. I was of some service to him in London, but of a sudden missed him from town; and on inquiring, I believe of one Smith, an engraver, who knew him well, he told me he was gone to Bristol, as he was very poor, and had almost lost his eyesight, to claim some provision to which he was entitled from the parish. I was struck with this coincidence with the history of Williams; it induced me to put further questions concerning him, which confirmed my opinion that it was my old friend's composition that was before me; and what you had shown me of *The Lives of the Painters* I knew to be his handwriting.'"

Again: "13th. Saw Mr. West again. He said, 'Perhaps I am the only person in existence who could give any account of Williams's life and manners. He first came to Virginia, from London, in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. Between this time and his appearance at Philadelphia, when I first met him, was an interval of more than twenty years; which time I consider him to have passed in the adventures related in the journal.'" I have likewise the following letter from Mr. West:

"From the year 1747 to 1760, my attention was directed to every point necessary to accomplish me for the profession of painting. This often brought me to the house of Williams; and as he was an excellent actor in taking off character, he often, to amuse me, repeated his adventures among the Indians, many of which adventures were strictly the same as related in your manuscript of Penrose, as was also the description of the scenery of the coasts, the birds on them, in particular the flamingo birds, which he described, when seen at a distance, as appearing like companies of soldiers dressed in red uniforms. He spoke the language of the savages, and appeared to me to have lived among them some years. I often asked him how he came to be with them; he replied he had gone to sea when young, but was never satisfied with that pursuit; that he had been shipwrecked, and thrown into great difficulties, but Providence had preserved him through a variety of dangers. He told me he imbibed his love for painting when at a grammar school in Bristol, where his greatest delight was to go and see an elderly artist who painted heads in oil, as well as small landscapes."

To this account I can add what I heard from Mr. West, that this Williams—so many years having passed since they met in America—surprised him by calling upon him in London. He was then painting the battle of La Hogue, and he made Williams sit for a figure in the boat, and whoever wishes to see his portrait will see it in the print, and, I think, from the description I have given of him, will not miss finding out the man. Mr. West further said that he used very frequently to come and smoke his pipe while he (Mr. W.) was painting; that he knew him to be collecting prints and heads of painters; that thinking him poor, he had questioned him, but could never prevail with him to own poverty, or to accept money; that he suddenly missed him, and knew not anything of him till he had read the book at the lodgings in London, and had the interview with the transcriber.

I think I have shown that this "Beggar" was indeed a singular man. In the midst of poverty, and with perhaps a wounded heart, he wandered, and yet in some way made art his pursuit. He might have had assistance from an able friend, the President of the Academy. He would none of it; but at an instinct, as it were, yielding to the perverseness of his fortune, he wandered further still, to seek misery, from which, in spite of himself, Fortune, to show her caprice, rescued him, and compelled him to rest at last, and die in peace.

But I have said nothing yet of the value of the legacy. I will speak but of one part of it. I sold to Mr. Murray one edition of the "Journal of Penrose, Seaman," for two hundred guineas. It appeared in 1815 in four volumes. Subsequently I received a proposal from Messrs. Hessey and Taylor for another edition. It appeared in one volume, but, owing to some circumstances relating to that firm, I received no accounts, and cannot speak of its success. Thus ends this narrative, which I have thought so curious, of such strange coincidences and character, that I have specially made it the subject of a paper for Maga. I hope, with the accompanying comments, it has been amusing, if not instructing. At least, it may teach, from this example of the fraternity, not to be too hard upon beggars, and think with Mr. Bumble they all deserve whipping. For neither would any Bumble, nor many of his superiors, were they in my place, as legatee by succession, despise a "Beggar's Legacy." No, let none despise a "beggar," with or without a legacy prospect. Who knows who a beggar may be? Archbishop Usher appeared as a beggar at a curate's gate, and was reproved by the curate's wife for misnumbering the commandments, as being eleven—but it was understood when, next morning, he preached a sermon in the church, and gave out his text, a "new commandment I give unto you, that *ye love one another.*" By this, said he, it should appear that there are eleven commandments. The good curate's wife would not again say, "for shame, old man"—and there will be some wisdom in all of us, if we be made cautious of casting contempt even on a poor beggar. May we not sometimes even go beyond this forbearance? Reader, I will give you an example of a beggar worthy your very highest admiration—one neither fabulous nor of a worn-out date, but of this day, at this hour. The last example was of an archbishop, and he in disguise; this shall be of a bishop, and not in any disguise, but in the very dignity of beggary. It is known that Bishop Selwyn, when he supposed he was, by agreement, to receive from the Government £600 per annum, for the expenditure imposed by his episcopal office, gave up his private fortune, and devoted it to the best purposes. Finding himself, however, deprived of his Parliamentary grant, and altogether without resources, he simply said, "he would *dig, or beg, or both.*" And indeed that good pious bishop will not and need not ever say, "Dig I cannot—to beg I am ashamed."

It may not be difficult to make out pretty clearly that, in some way or other, we are all beggars—all of one fraternity, and requiring aid in some need. Let us then accept willingly the archbishop's eleventh commandment, and look to ourselves, that we do "love one another." We may perhaps, in that case, all receive a "Beggar's Legacy," payable from a never-failing fund, by the hands of those pure celestial executrixes—Faith, Hope and Charity.

*This book, which was then left to the youth West, is now in my possession.

**The Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman.* Four volumes, 8vo. London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1815.

The same. One volume. With a Print, and Vignette in the Title Page. A New Edition. London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93 Fleet street, and 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. 1826.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY—INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERY.

It is well known to American historical inquirers that William Bradford, the second Governor of Plymouth, wrote a history of the pilgrims and that colony, from 1602 to 1647, which contained 270 folio pages; and this, which was never published, was used freely by Morton in making his Memorial, by Hutchinson in writing his History, and by Prince in preparing his Annals. Thus Prince, 1736, cites: "Gov. Bradford's history of Plymouth people and colony, from 1602, to the end of 1646, in 270 pages, with some account of the end, of the increase of those who came over with him, from 1620 to 1650, and all in his own handwriting." Governor Hutchinson, in his second volume, published first in 1767, is one of the last, if not the last, who has referred to the manuscript.

From this time nothing, until lately, was heard of this manuscript. While in the possession of Prince, who died in 1758, it was deposited in the New England Library, in the tower of the Old South Church, where he kept his choice historical treasures. Among them was Governor Bradford's letter book. This was carried to Nova Scotia, and the earlier or more valuable part was destroyed, but the remainder was rescued, about 50 years ago, from a grocer's shop in Halifax, and published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. It has been supposed that Bradford's manuscript history shared the fate of other documents that were destroyed when the church was used for a riding-school in the days of the siege of Boston. It has long been given up as lost.

The late Dr. Young found in the manuscript records of the first church of Plymouth, a narrative which, by making comparison of it with the large extracts from the original Bradford manuscript, cited in Hutchinson and Prince, he ascertained to be *substantially* a portion of the history of Governor Bradford. This Plymouth manuscript had been considered by Hazard to have been written by Nathaniel Morton, and was printed by him, as such, in his well known collections. This MS. document thus ascertained by Dr. Young to be a portion of the history of Bradford, will be found in that valuable work, the Chronicles of the Pilgrims. It comes down no further, however, than the year 1620.

Thus matters stood until a few weeks ago, as to this long lost manuscript, an authority of course that takes precedence of all other authorities relative to Plymouth colony. At the last Annual Me